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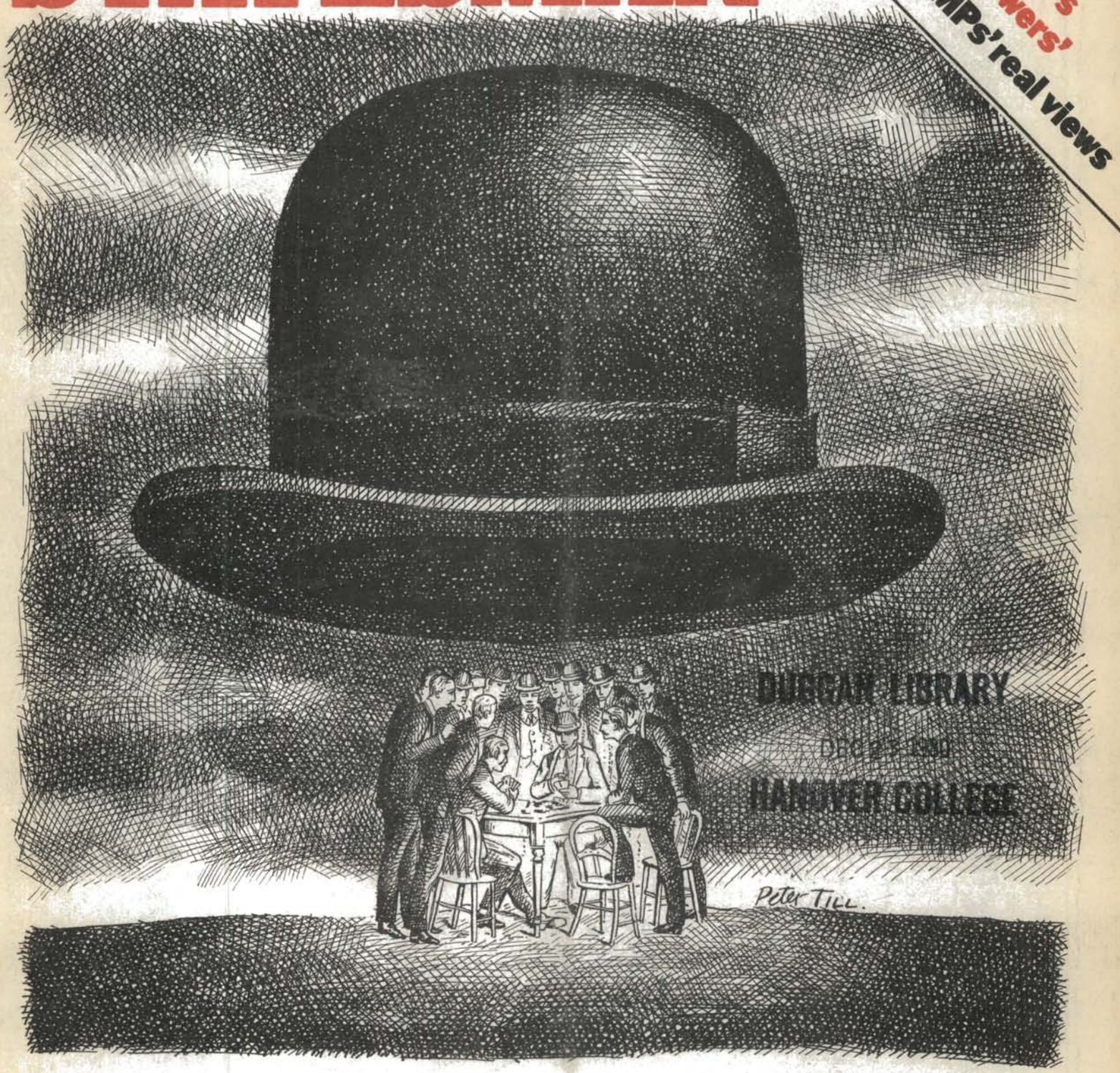
THE TIMES

Anthony Burgess's epic 'Earthly Powers'

Thatcher's Britain: MPs' real views



LID OFF THE CITY

The dawn raiders and the pension funds: details, for the first time, on how the investment institutions support short-term speculation.

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NEW STATESMAN
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The 'independence' of the PLP

THE CASE FOR confining the choice of the Labour Party's leader to the Parliamentary Labour Party is not a negligible one. It would, however, be a good deal stronger if those who propound it, on the grounds that the 'independence' of the PLP must be preserved, could offer any convincing evidence that such independence exists. If Labour MPs kept a continuous, critical check on the behaviour of their leaders, they would be in a strong position to argue that they should not become anyone's plaything. Unfortunately, however, they already are just that — a rubber stamp for the demands of the Labour leader. Through his powers of patronage he chooses his cabinet; through the whipping system he ensures that on all major issues a majority can be mustered for whatever he and the executive desire.

All four of the candidates for the Labour leadership have long since been swallowed up by this system, with the result that the choice facing Labour MPs is practically no choice at all. If the four aspirants were engaging in any kind of serious ideological debate this fact would be more apparent. As it is, however, the leadership is to be decided by nothing more than a personal popularity contest between Denis Healey, abrasive but grinning, and Michael Foot, 'the last of the socialist romantics' (as the *Daily Mirror* has it). The fact that both Healey *and* Foot were members of Callaghan's ruling triumvirate for three years has been elided, in the cause of an exciting horse-race. The *Mirror* informs its readers that Michael Foot's decision to stand 'gives Labour MPs an opportunity to say what kind of party they want', whereas all the objective evidence suggests that, however you slice them, the leadership candidates are very much alike.

The table at the bottom of this page shows the voting record of the four contenders on a few issues which, we consider, act as a litmus test of socialist and libertarian beliefs. Eric Heffer and Tony Benn are included as well, since they still seem to fancy their chances in next year's election by an electoral college. With some exception for Heffer, the record is uniform, and uniformly depressing.

THE COMMONWEALTH Immigrants Bill of 1968, for example, which was probably the most repulsive measure to pass through Parliament in the past twenty years, was backed by Benn, Shore and Silkin (and Denis Healey has never given any reason to suppose that his absence was on grounds of conscience). The only people to emerge with any credit were Heffer and Foot.

That, of course, was before Foot himself joined the board of directors. Almost a decade later, on 17 February 1977, Hugh Jenkins asked for time to debate the expulsion of Philip Agee and Mark Hosenball, and suggested that the arbitrary treatment of these two Americans reflected discredit on the government. Foot, by now Lord President of the Council, replied: 'As I have said before, I cannot provide time next week for discussion of the matter. I repudiate any suggestion of discredit attaching to my right hon. friend the Home Secretary for what has been done.' Eventually, on 3 May 1977, an adjournment debate took place on the subject, and at the end of it Tony Benn, Michael Foot, Denis Healey, John Silkin and Peter Shore trooped into the lobby to vote that Agee and Hosenball be slung out.

IT MAY BE ARGUED that Benn, Foot, Healey, Shore and Silkin were ministers when they voted for such proposals, and were thus in no position to argue. In practical terms this is untrue: they could at least have been absent from the vote without being sacked, particularly on subjects where there was not the faintest danger of the government losing. But this is to play the patronage people at their own game: the more important point is that there cannot be a justification for ministers clinging to office if they do so at the cost of their moral self-reliance, for once that is lost it is a difficult thing to recover.

The truth of this was well illustrated by an episode earlier this year, on 29 April, when the Tories presented Parliament with defence estimates based on a planned increase in the defence budget of 3 per cent in real terms for each year between now and 1986. Callaghan tabled an amendment which 'declined to approve' the estimates because they committed the government to 'increases in defence spending far in excess of forecasts for the growth of the economy' and because they offered 'no new initiatives towards multilateral mutual disarmament'. Labour MPs of all shades duly voted for the amendment, but it was lost.

There was then a vote on the estimates themselves. Logic would seem to dictate that if you support an amendment rejecting the defence estimates, you vote against the estimates. Callaghan, however, had instructed the shadow cabinet that they were to do nothing of the sort, with the result that Benn and Heffer — who now were *not* shadow ministers — were the only MPs in our table to vote against the Tories' defence plans. Foot, Healey, Shore and Silkin obediently abstained.

The outlook is not, of course, entirely without hope. The Parliamentary Labour Party contains many honest people who could break with the damaging tradition of subservience. But it is so deeply established that the task will not be easy, and will require considerable commitment from Left and Right. David Owen is quite correct to argue that MPs should not become the poodles of their General Management Committees, or of the unions' block votes. But it is time for the PLP to put its own House in order too.

How they voted	Benn	Foot	Healey	Heffer	Shore	Silkin
Commonwealth Immigrants Bill, 2nd Reading, 27 Feb 1968	X	✓	A	✓	X	X
Renew Prevention of Terrorism Act, 9 Mar 1977	X	A	A	A	A	X
Expel Agee & Hosenball, 3 May 1977	X	X	X	✓	X	X
Renew Prevention of Terrorism Act, 15 Mar 1978	A	X	A	A	A	X
Defence estimates, 29 April 1980	✓	A	A	✓	A	A
Total of socialist votes (out of 5)	1	1	0	3	0	0

Key: ✓ is a socialist and libertarian vote; X is a vote against the socialist position; A means that the person did not vote.

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Anthony Barnett

Stand up and be counted—for genocide

United Nations

Mrs Ieng Thirith (left) speaking at the UN on 13 September 1979. The wife of Ieng Sary and the sister of Pol Pot's wife, she is currently 'The Minister of Social Affairs of Democratic Kampuchea'. Next to her is Mr Thioun Prasith, the 'Permanent Representative of Democratic Kampuchea' at the UN. He and his brothers, also 'Ministers', are from an elite, historically pro-French family.

THE FLAG of Pol Pot flies still on New York's First Avenue, and here we print, for the record, the details of the UN vote which ensured that it shall do so. Few governments are boasting about what their representatives did on 13 October, so it has taken a little while to tease out the information. The motion was for simple re-recognition of Pol Pot's credentials: passing it would merely have left an empty seat. Since last year's vote, some of the smaller Gulf states have moved from abstention to endorsement. They have been joined by Turkey, and by Israel.

Norway, Iceland and Austria moved from support to abstention, together with Spain and three of the EEC nine: France, Ireland and Holland. Britain, as we predicted, voted for Pol Pot, with a display of diplomatic cunning which merely earned the contempt of those Asian hard-liners who actually forced London to abandon the principles behind its formal 'de-recognition' of Pol Pot.

On the 'left', if that's the appropriate expression, Romania shifted from support to the expedient of recording no vote (not the same as recording an abstention), and so, rather mysteriously, did Burma. Zimbabwe, in its first important vote, followed Tanzania and abstained, rather than voting with Mozambique.

Numerous Francophone countries either voted for what is called 'The Vietnamese position' of de-recognition (though it's also the position of the Cambodian people), or abstained. Perhaps this is because the Vietnamese can speak more fluently to these delegations and their governments: again, perhaps, the linguistic bond explains why Brazil went along with Angola and Mozambique.

Perhaps, therefore, Pol Pot's 74 supporters should be identified as the Sino-Saxon bloc.

Australia, reportedly, will not repeat the performance: certainly, its representatives said that this would be the last time. But this should not fill anyone with too much hope, for the same kind of thing was said twelve months ago by a number of the countries which found that genocide, after all, could be condoned.

For the seating of Pol Pot

Argentina, Australia, Bahamas, Bahrain, Barbados, Bangladesh, Belgium, Bhutan, Bolivia, Cameroons, Canada, Chile, China, Colombia, Comoros, Costa Rica, Democratic Kampuchea, Denmark, Djibouti, Dominican Republic, Equador, Egypt, El Salvador, Equitorial Guinea, Fiji, Gabon, Gambia, Germany (West), Greece, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Indonesia, Israel, Italy, Japan, Kenya, Kuwait, Lesotho, Liberia, Luxembourg, Malaysia, Maldives, Malta, Mauritania, Mauritius, Morocco, Nepal, New Zealand, Niger, Nigeria, Oman, Pakistan, Papua New Guinea, Paraguay, Philippines, Portugal, Qatar, Saudi Arabia, Senegal, Singapore, Somalia, Sri Lanka, Sudan, Thailand, Togo, Turkey, UK, USA, Upper Volta, Uruguay, Venezuela, Yugoslavia, Zaire.
TOTAL: 74

Abstained

Austria, Botswana, Brazil, Burundi, Central African Republic, Chad, Finland, France, Ghana, Iceland, Ireland, Ivory Coast, Lebanon, Mali, Mexico, Netherlands, Norway, Peru, Rwanda, Samoa, Sierra Leone, Spain, Surinam, Sweden, Trinidad & Tobago, Tunisia, Uganda, United Arab Emirates, Tanzania, Yemen, Zambia, Zimbabwe.
TOTAL: 32

No vote recorded

Burma, Cyprus, Dominica, Iran, Iraq, Jordan, Malawi, Romania, Saint Lucia, St Vincent & the Grenadines, Solomon Islands, Swaziland.
TOTAL: 12

Against the seating of Pol Pot

Afghanistan, Albania, Algeria, Angola, Benin, Bulgaria, Byelorussia, Cape Verde, Congo, Cuba, Czechoslovakia, Democratic Yemen, Ethopia, Germany (East), Grenada, Guinea, Guinea-Bissau, Guyana, Hungary, India, Jamaica, Laos, Libya, Madagascar, Mongolia, Mozambique, Nicaragua, Panama, Poland, St Tome & Principe, Seychelles, Syria, Ukraine, USSR, Vietnam.
TOTAL: 35

Open letter to Denis Healey from Christopher Price MP

My dear Denis,

It still seems reasonably clear that you are going to win this PLP election, on the first ballot. I also fancy you'll be confirmed by whatever electoral college the unions manage to cook up. So what matters is how you present yourself, and what sort of leader you turn out to be. I'm sure, from talking to folk around the country, on councils and GMCs, that your accession will come as a profound shock to many. So your immediate pronouncements, given the party's fissile and slightly manic mood, could make or break it. This week's onslaught on the Labour Coordinating Committee's gaffe worries me; it will pick you up votes now but problems later.

There is an enduring strain in the PLP which heartily distrusts Londoners. OK, you now have Michael Foot, a kind of Cornish/Welshman, against you. But it's a nice accident for you that your other opponents both happen to be metropolitans — as I suspect you are now, at heart, but you retain a Leeds seat and the memory of an Airedale youth. That could swing a few crucial votes if they're needed.

I hope you see your problems begin, rather than end, with winning. Labour is now a party fundamentally different from what it was in the fifties and sixties, and may still appear to be in Leeds East. Experience of two five-year Labour governments — for all the good things they did — has changed its nature permanently: hence reselection, and the leadership college. The supporters of the 'new democracy' may not yet be a majority, and they may be concentrated, so far, in London, South Yorkshire and bits of Scotland.

But the 'bedsit brigade', if you like to call it that, isn't to be despised , and won't go away. Most of my bedsit brigadier friends are now solid citizenry — married, and owner-occupiers. They represent a new and serious trend in party membership, which you need to come to terms with. Even party members who don't enthuse about democracy are desperate for the next Labour government to be wholly unlike the Wilson/Callaghan era. Mrs T. had the advantage of being peripheral to Heath; you were central to Wilson/Callaghan. Somehow you must overcome this.

So the first truth, which you seem to have understood already, is that David Owen and Bill Rodgers are talking dangerous nonsense. You don't need their votes to win, and picking a fight with the activists could perhaps destroy the party.

What I suspect you need to do is to back up every dot and comma of those conference resolutions you can possibly take, and quickly work out with the unions and the NEC some kind of *concertation* procedure — to borrow a Euro-term — for dealing with the sticking-points. It won't be easy, and it may be impossible, to lead the party from right of centre. But at least you have Gaitskell's errors to learn from, and a sufficiently flexible track-record to inch yourself away from monetarism and the far right.

For this point of view the 'ticket' will be important: for the first time in years the PLP is about to elect a deputy leader, who could be an aspirant for your job before long. I suspect that to reward Eric Varley, your campaign manager, with your endorsement as deputy would be disastrous. On the other hand, a Healey-Shore ticket now looks possible, and it could be an election-winner if you both shift perceptibly leftward in 1981-2. Such a manoeuvre is unprecedented, but not therefore inadmissible. I know you'll forgive such public advice, since it comes from a fellow-Yorkshireman. And I thought you might appreciate the views of someone who isn't either a Tribune Groupie or a Manifestoite: but who feels sure, from a feel of London and South Yorkshire, that the new left radicalism must be come to terms with, rather than fought *a l'outrance*. Trident, Cruise, Common Market — I know how you must feel. But you have to swallow hard and respect the party's decisions, without necessarily dotting every i and crossing every t. If you can do that, preserve your considerable boots for the Tories rather than the left, and resist the temptation to categorise minds you disagree with as *always* tiny and Chinese, we could walk it at the next election. But a provoked split could finish us off permanently.

Yours aye
Chris.

NEXT WEEK

Duncan Campbell provides, with exclusive new material, a geographical account of how the 'special relationship' works out in terms of US bases on British soil.

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JUSTICE
Rob Rohrer

Huyton Labourer's family search for justice, while Merseyside police are suspended

Jimmy Kelly goes to Europe

A GROUP OF police officers from Merseyside's 'K' Division have been suspended — and one of them was responsible for interviewing vital witnesses in the Jimmy Kelly case. This revelation coincides with the Kelly family's decision to complain to the European Commission of Human Rights in Strasbourg that Kelly's death in police custody and the conduct of the coroner's inquest violated the European Convention on Human Rights.

The latest suspensions, about which Merseyside Police Committee has not been informed, follow allegations of police brutality and perjury reported in the *New Statesman* last year (24 August 1979 and 30 November 1979). Four officers have now been suspended over the raid on the Huyton Park Hotel six days before Jimmy Kelly's death. Another four were suspended several months ago following the wrongful imprisonment for three years of Peter Jeonney, the unemployed Huyton youth who was arrested and badly beaten five days before the Kelly incident (NS 24 Aug 1979, 6 June 1980, 25 July 1980).

West Midlands assistant chief constable David Gerty was appointed to investigate the *New Statesman* reports last year. It emerged, however, that his inquiries into the Kelly case — reported to the DPP — depended heavily on the Merseyside police's own investigations. Some eye witnesses interviewed by the officer who has now been suspended were not seen by Gerty's team; instead their later statements to Merseyside police officers were retyped on to West Midlands statement forms. At the Kelly inquest Gerty asserted that one woman witness, whose account was as unshaken by vigorous cross examination, was either a liar or 'grossly mistaken': Gerty's man had not only failed to interview the woman and her husband, but had also not bothered to check their line of vision.

THREE MONTHS ago the Kelly family's attempts to pursue their case further in the English courts were abruptly blocked, when Merseyside's legal aid committee refused to allow financial help for a divisional court application to quash the inquest's misadventure verdict (NS 11 July). The family's new lawyers and the National Council for Civil Liberties, which is backing the European case, are hopeful that this will satisfy the European Commission that all domestic legal channels have been exhausted — a condition that complainants have to meet.

Three breaches of the Convention are claimed. Under Articles 2 and 3, the family argues, Jimmy Kelly's life was not 'protected by law', and he was subjected to 'inhuman and degrading treatment.' One of Kelly's arresting officers told the inquest how he punched the labourer and squeezed his testicles; he explained that this was to defend himself from Kelly, who was 'kicking me all over my body and head.' However, any resulting injuries on the officer were certainly not noticed by a casualty doctor who examined him several hours later; and Kelly's charge sheet, far from containing a serious 'assulting the police' charge, merely recorded that he faced prosecution for being drunk and disorderly.

Among Kelly's extensive injuries was a doubly-fractured jaw which Home Office pathologist Dr John Benstead admitted could have been caused by a 'kick.' The ratchet handcuffs which inflicted deep bruising on Kelly's wrists were adopted as standard Merseyside police issue several months after his death only to be completely withdrawn following the inquest.

The family's complaint to the European Commission also says that they were denied the 'fair and public hearing . . . by an independent tribunal' enshrined in Article 6. This grievance is thought to be the one most likely to persuade the Commission to investigate the family's case. After the inquest, Home Secretary William Whitelaw stated that there was no need for a public inquiry. From its earliest days, however, the Kelly inquest was beset by legal manoeuvrings, little reported in the press, which left much of the important evidence shrouded by privilege.

Merseyside's chief constable, Kenneth Oxford, used the grounds of privilege and privacy to censor evidence. More than 30 pages dealing with discrepancies in the police account were deleted from Professor Alan Usher's post mortem, commissioned by the chief constable. Further privilege was claimed by the four officers who took the dying Kelly to Huyton police station: on the grounds that they still faced the possibility of disciplinary proceedings, all refused to allow their original statements to be introduced in court. No proceedings are, in fact, being taken against them. Merseyside's chief constable also hampered civilian evidence by withholding witnesses' original statements from them — in defiance of the Lord Chief Justice's 1969 recommendation that these should normally be disclosed. Finally, assistant chief constable David Gerty of the West Midlands force, the 'outside' officer who was brought in to compile an 'independent' report, claimed privilege to protect the details of his report. Earlier this week a Merseyside police committee working party expressed unease at the manner in which outside officers are appointed: it claimed that they are often asked for by name by the chief constable of the force under inquiry.

Christopher Hall

Ordnance Survey: going, going . . .

A SECRET REPORT on the prospects of selling the Ordnance Survey — Britain's world-famous mapping service — to private business is now on the desk of Environment Secretary Michael Heseltine. The report was prepared at high speed by senior officials after a Heseltine visit to the OS headquarters in July.

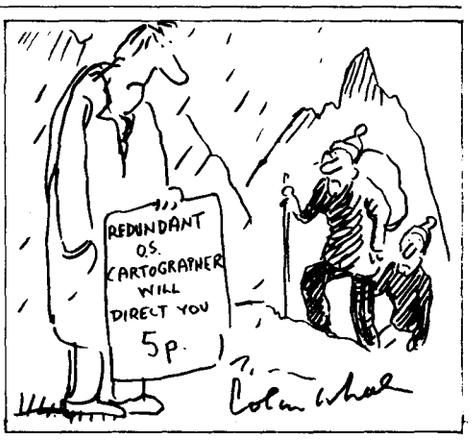
According to union officials, Heseltine set four objectives when demanding the report: (1) reducing central government's role in mapping; (2) enabling the OS to collaborate more intimately with the private sector; (3) encouraging the OS to be more 'enterprising' in use of its resources, and (4) removing OS staff from the Civil Service. Official Environment spokesmen admit this is an accurate summary.

The role of the OS has been to provide for essential official needs in defence and planning, and to support educational and research activities generally (not to mention recreation). Recently, the Royal Society affirmed that these needs are 'of the highest national importance and their cost should be met nationally'.

No 19th-century budget-watcher suggested that the OS should try to recover its basic survey costs: maps for sale were priced to cover only printing, paper and distribution costs. But this principle was breached in 1966, when Labour demanded a large map-price increase to pay for extra staff engaged upon the re-survey of Britain (begun in 1945, and due for completion next year).

Geoffrey Rippon, Tory Environment Minister in the early 70s, instructed the OS to maximise revenue on all its products, and suggested that it be relieved of the obligation to publish two-and-a-half-inch sheets except in the one or two areas where such maps might be profitable. Roars of protest from local authorities, ramblers and orienteers defeated the scheme.

An OS Review Committee led by Sir David Serpell reported in July 1979 in terms which — if adopted — would safeguard the OS. It proposed to classify all the Survey's activities as 'core' and 'others', with core activities being guaranteed by the Exchequer and others taking their marketplace chance. Basic survey would have been a core activity, along with publication of the popular 1:50,000 scale maps (which recover 85% of costs) and the 2.5 inch series (which recovers less than 25%). Serpell plainly took no exception to the fact that OS costs are £28m a year against revenue of £14.5m.



Heseltine has made no public response, and it is now officially seen as 'the gap in Serpell' that it failed to consider privatisation of the OS. It is being stressed in Whitehall that privatisation is only one option, but the attractions to a Tory government of offering to private business a plum like the 1:50,000 series (annual revenue £2m) are obvious. Profit could easily be achieved by concentrating on best-sellers which can sell nearly 40,000 copies a year, and cutting out those which barely scrape over the 1,000 mark. The principle of universal coverage, once lost, would be hard to restore, but Heseltine would have a reduction of Civil Service numbers to lay at Mrs Thatcher's feet.

Privatisation of the OS might be just the start of an attack on Britain's international map-making reputation. The Directorate of Overseas Surveys, which helps Third World countries to make their own maps, is now under examination by Sir Derek Rayner, the Prime Minister's efficiency adviser. Its cost of £4.5m a year (against revenue of only £154,000) is a long-term investment for a trading nation, but such arguments may not translate into Thatcherspeak.

Also under question is the Royal Navy's Hydrographic Service, which produces the best-known world outfit of navigators' charts: though officials stress that nothing so radical as the privatisation option for the OS is even under discussion. The service's £8m revenue, which roughly covers its costs, could easily be raised by upping prices for its largely irreplaceable products: but the international implications would be explosive, for the service's success depends heavily on free information supplied by foreign governments. Sadly, the government's record so far does not suggest that any such medium-term considerations would stop its appetite for swift profits.

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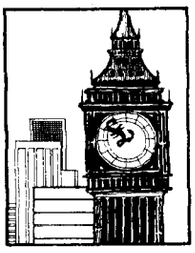

Peter Kellner, Political Editor

Thatcherism: what MPs really think

SINCE THE INFORMATION on this page derives from a poll of MPs, the first point to make is that there are good polls and bad polls. Most of the surveys of how Labour MPs intend to vote in the present leadership contest are bad polls; there is no reason to believe their findings have more than a loose connection with reality.

The reason is that they contain two sorts of bias. They are biased towards MPs who can be contacted; and among those MPs they are biased to those willing to express clear views to journalists. Both biases tend to provide a high response rate among the 80 to 90 clear-left MPs and the 30 to 40 clear-right MPs, and a relatively low response rate among the rest of the MPs. Four years ago a crude head-count of contactable MPs put Foot well ahead on the first round, with Callaghan vying for second place; but when the answers were analysed in more detail, it became clear that the lumpen-centre — Callaghan territory — was under-represented.

So in the next few days, pay no attention to straw polls, like those recently on ITN and in the *Observer*, that make no attempt to correct for these biases; pay more attention to those that, (like last week's *Sunday Times* survey) do construct a balanced sample of MPs.

Now to our own survey. Between 16 May and 30 July, Market & Opinion Research International interviewed a representative sample of 100 MPs on their attitudes to the Government, industry and the economy.

As the tables below show, most issues divide clearly into 'consensus' and 'conflict' topics; and the area of consensus is surprisingly wide. All but one of the 52 Conservative MPs interviewed think Britain should produce more nuclear power — and so do a clear majority of the 48 opposition MPs that MORI questioned (45 were Labour MPs, 2 were Liberals and one was a Scottish Nationalist). On both sides of the Commons there is clear agreement that we should have fewer but bigger trade unions, and that British managers are not as effective as their competitors abroad. And if the Government were to be more generous in supporting microelectronic ventures and giving tax incentives to profit-sharing schemes, it could count on the sympathy — if not always the whipped votes — of opposition MPs.

WHEN IT COMES to the issues on which government and opposition MPs conflict three themes emerge. The first is the least surprising; the knee-jerk responses of many (but by no means all) MPs to the Government's strategy. Thus 90 per cent of Tory MPs think its economic policies will work in the long-term; the other ten per cent didn't know. Among opposition MPs 96 per cent said the strategy would fail. Two per cent — that is one solitary MP — thought it would work in the long run. MORI confirms that he (or she) is a Labour MP, and not one from the minor parties. I would give my left arm to know who it is (Denis Healey?, David Owen?, Michael Foot mishearing the question?), but MORI is not telling.

The second theme concerns the soft underbelly of Tory wets. Among the consensus issues, we have seen that most Tory MPs would back extra aid for microelectronics. Among conflict issues, we still find one in three Tory MPs wanting the government to reverse its policies towards depressed areas, and give more grants, not fewer. 25 per cent of Tories do *not* think the Government should do any more to curb the power of trade unions. And one in eight express support for strong interventionist measures, such as wage controls, import controls, and aid for lame duck industries.

On the basis of MORI's sample, it would seem as if the Tories' ranks in the Commons contain 40 to 50 'hard wets' (intervene in the economy to help industry) and a further 60 to 70 'soft wets' (don't be too beastly to the unions).

There are also some odd minorities on the opposition benches. Eleven of the 45 Labour MPs questioned agreed that control of the money supply should be the main tool of economic policy — a figure which implies that 60 to 70 Labour MPs are closet monetarists. Clear majorities of Labour MPs favour withdrawal from the Common Market and the introduction of import controls — although most of these added the rider that they should be selective.

More surprisingly, perhaps, a two-to-one majority of Labour MPs told MORI that they favoured wage controls (in most cases approved in the context of a wider prices and incomes policy), — a similar figure to the number who thought that big industries should be controlled by the Government. Taken overall, the weight of Labour MPs' opinions on economic issues bears a marked similarity to the policies put forward by Peter Shore.

Overall, the House of Commons appears to be more representative of public opinion on economic and industrial issues than often realised. For example, 48 per cent of MORI's sample of MPs expected the Government's policies to succeed in the long term — compared with 47 per cent of a national sample of public opinion measured at the same time. And the 30 per cent of MPs who want large industries controlled by the Government is not too different from the 25 per cent of the public who want the same thing.

A measure of consensus

(figures show percentage agreeing)	Govmt. MPs	Oppsn. MPs
GOVERNMENT AND THE ECONOMY		
The government should . . .		
Expand Britain's nuclear power operating capacity	98	60
Give further tax incentives to encourage company profit-sharing schemes	87	67
Devote more resources to developing new forms of non-nuclear energy	81	92
Encourage scrutiny of bills by outside expert witnesses called in by MPs' committees	77	81
Give more power to MPs to examine public expenditure estimates	63	82
Give financial assistance to companies adjusting to the microelectronics revolution	58	98
INDUSTRY AND COMMERCE		
Company profits in Britain are not high enough	94	60
Smaller business offers the best prospects for reducing unemployment in Britain	94	63
Large companies are essential for the nation's growth and expansion	90	75
It would be better for Britain's industrial relations if there were fewer, but larger, trade unions	83	88
British managers are not as effective as their main overseas competitors	67	77

A measure of conflict

(figures show percentage agreeing)	Govmt. MPs	Oppsn. MPs
GOVERNMENT AND THE ECONOMY		
The government should . . .		
Refrain from intervening in major industrial disputes	98	17
Control the rate of growth of money supply as the main tool of economic policy	90	25
Do more to curb the power of trade unions	71	13
Reduce the rate of corporation tax	65	23
Reduce the top rate of income tax	63	13
Provide more grants to industry in special development areas	31	94
Introduce a tax on companies that make high windfall profits	19	94
Introduce import controls	13	69
Give more financial support to ailing sectors of the economy	12	88
Introduce wage controls	12	65
Introduce price controls	8	85
Take Britain out of the EEC	6	54
INDUSTRY AND COMMERCE		
There is too much legislation governing the activities of industry these days.	94	23
Nationalised industries are less efficient than private companies	92	13
In the long term, this Government's policies will improve the state of Britain's economy	90	2
Britain is not getting enough of the benefits of North Sea oil	10	79
It is in the country's interests that the big industries should be controlled by the Government	0	63

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From lock-out to sell-out

This time, apparently, they mean it: the oil-backed Canadian controlled International Thomson are to close Times Newspapers Ltd next March, unless buyers appear. Before the lock-out in 1978 TNL was a profitable company, despite its production problems; now it loses money on a stupendous scale. BRUCE PAGE and PETER KELLNER, both of whom used to work for the *Sunday Times*, report on the background to this week's decision.

Left: William Rees-Mogg (The Times); Right Sir Denis Hamilton (Sunday Times); and centre: Lord Thomson

AS FAR AS it went, the Thomson group's account of why it decided to bail out of the *Times* operation wasn't unreasonable. *The Times,* the *Sunday Times* and the supplements would together lose about £15 million during the current financial year, and would have to borrow £22 million from the parent company. Since the setting-up of Times Newspapers in 1967, £70 million had been advanced by way of capital, and recovery seemed more remote than ever. Disputed production had deprived the *Sunday Times* of a million copies during the two most recent issues. Deciding to sell, said *Sunday Times* editor Harold Evans to his staff, was really an acknowledgment that the company's problems, if soluble at all, could not be solved under the present management.

The tragedy is that this admission comes so late — too late, perhaps, even to save the papers, let alone restore them to the vitality they should have. Any rescuer who cares to come forward upon a white charger will now have to wade into a very muddy battlefield indeed.

One thing needs putting plainly, and it may gain a little credibility coming from the *New Statesman* because we are not indulging in hindsight. We were always sceptical of the possibility that the existing Times management was equal to the challenge: it was attempting to extract, by *force majeure,* concessions that it had not defined to itself, from unions that it had not bothered to understand.

We reported initially that the desperate lock-out expedient of 1978-9 was undertaken without anyone in the management being clear about whether new, computer-based print technology was, or was not, the principle object of the exercise, and we have since been confirmed on that point by exchanges that have come to light between members of the management. The company acted as though it had more money than sense, and as though it was more interested in half-baked rhetoric about the 'right to manage' than it was interested in the technical process of newspaper production.

One says this, not to revel in the misfortunes of men who, given their lights, were no doubt doing what they considered right, but because we realise just how much more difficult our own role, as a journal of inquiry and analysis, will become if *The Times* and the *Sunday Times* really do vanish — and because there will be plenty of spokesmen for the convenient myth that the papers are the victims of trade-union intransigence. Where Thomsons, with all their skills and resources failed, how can other entrepreneurs and managers hope to succeed?

THE UNIONS involved were, and are, far from perfect. They have their full share of internecine rivalry, technological obscurantism and sheer confusion of purpose. But they were, and are, essentially the victims of a crisis created by management.

Harold Evans, unquestionably the best newspaper technician among the upper echelons of the company, pointed out recently to his colleagues that the *Sunday Times* — still, in circulation terms, a formidably successful paper — had enjoyed *just one* complete production run with full edition changes since the papers returned from the lockout. It was, he said wryly, on the occasion of his birthday, and perhaps it was a present from the mechanical unions. Perhaps it was, and to some eyes this might appear as proof that the problem lies in the absence of worker co-operation.

But what it really proves is that a huge industrial operation cannot function reliably on such paper-thin margins of goodwill — or, if that fails, upon the imposition of a rigid managerial discipline. To print a million and a half copies of an enormous and complex newspaper, in one centre on one night, is not a viable proposition. There were those who argued, some years ago, that the *Sunday Times* — the real flagship of the group — had become, in large part because of its own great market-place success — both too big and too cumbersome to be a reliable product. The argument was never heeded.

THE MYTH that the collapse was caused by union intransigence, rather than management misunderstanding, will have one practical effect: to make it likelier that the ultimate beneficiaries will be the Old Guard of Fleet Street, in some form or another. During the close-down the *Dail Mail* group made one of the few really hard take-over offers. Their plan was to move the *Mail* to the Times Newspapers plant, keep *The Times* going, and provide a new Sunday companion to the *Mail* — effectively, a down-marketed, simplified version of the *Sunday Times*: keeping its title but not its integrity.

It can be expected that this deal will be revived — bolstered with suitable profitable property-deals in the wake of the *Mail* group's neat solution to its competitive problems in the London evening market.

Will the 'custodians' appointed to safeguard the traditions of the *Times* papers be capable of resisting such an offer? It will, of course, be dressed up with assurances that Rothermere & Co have the cash and the 'expertise' required to deal with the unspeakable unions — and the danger is that several of the custodians are explicit adherents of that mythology. Formally, the group is Sir Denis Hamilton, editor-in-chief, William Rees-Mogg of *The Times*, and Harold Evans. They are bolstered by the 'national directors' of Times Newspapers: Lord (Sid) Greene of Harrow Weald, Lord Keith and Lord Roll (merchant bankers), Lord Dacre (the historian Hugh Trevor-Roper) and Lord Robens (who needs no introduction). But they were only told of the plan after the decision to sell, and less than 24 hours before the public announcement. Have they the will, or knowledge, to resist a financially attractive package which will make the right-wing domination of Britain's national press very nearly total?

Other groups, certainly, will try to form around some of the senior journalists of the two papers: the name of Hugh Stephenson, the *Times'* highly-respected business editor, has been mentioned. But any such group will face enormous problems in raising capital: and will be met, every time, by the question, 'What are you going to do about the unions?' To a very considerable extent, the journalists on both papers have acceded to the view that the management's sins have been no more than venial, while those of the unions have been mortal. Many of them know that this is not true: now, if they wish to preserve the independence of their papers, they face the difficult task of de-mythologising that issue.

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Bad news for Prophets of Doom.

Maybe the future isn't quite as black as it's painted.

We all know that there is an energy crisis. But what the prophets of doom tend to forget is that there is nothing like a crisis to stimulate our national inventiveness.

Here's just one example that illustrates the point.

On Teesside, ICI have one of the biggest industrial power stations in Europe. (It can generate enough energy to supply a city the size of Birmingham). If it were to run entirely on oil it would burn up £72 million worth every year.

But it no longer has to run entirely on oil. Spurred on by recurring energy shortages, our scientists started looking for alternatives.

First they found ways of using waste liquids and gases produced by chemical plants on the site, as fuel – something which also reduces pollution.

Then they started using other liquid wastes which previously had been dumped.

Now about a third of the station's energy can come from waste products. We even burn left overs from other companies in the district. Incredibly, this project has already saved over 3 million tons of oil – worth enough to build another power station!

Finding new sources of energy, and ways of saving the energy we have, is now one of ICI's highest priorities. This story is one of our successes.

We'll soon have a lot more bad news for the world's professional pessimists.

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Investing in Energy for Britain.

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UNITED STATES
Claudia Wright

Television debate gives Carter a chance at the 'undecideds'

The US electorate wants blood

THE CARTER-REAGAN television debate, climax for 100 million viewers of a campaign on which $100 million has been spent, is the once-for-all chance that each man will have (the words were used by Lincoln in one of his debates with Stephen Douglas) to 'prove a horse-chestnut to be a chestnut horse'.

The debate is a boon to the Carter side, and confirms their judgment against entering last month's affair in Baltimore, when Reagan and Anderson answered tame questions from genuflecting journalists. Reagan ran a clear second to Anderson, who even then had no chance of winning a single state. If Reagan could lose to a loser, his handlers decided, he couldn't risk a direct debate with Carter. That he has agreed to do so signifies a fear that the election could be slipping away.

Also, the Republicans feel that they must concede something to the feelings of an electorate so far cheated of any genuine contest, and which now demands some drawing of human blood from behind the hair tints and blushers. The electoral technicians, for whom a candidate's persona is measured in standard deviations around a point of wholly reassuring nothingness, have cancelled each other out.

The electors suspect about Reagan what everyone knows who has been able to get as close to him as the rear cabin of his campaign jet: that he is a stand-in, an affable gent who cannot bear an argument with anyone, and whose afternoon drowsiness results not from advancing years but from mere lack of mental conviction.

On the other side, there is widespread suspicion that Carter's outward righteousness conceals a mean, vindictive spirit. The man may surpass Reagan in arithmetic, but can he be trusted to restore the prosperity which most people think they have lost? The debate will test how far Carter's mean-spiritedness is to be preferred to Reagan's vacuity.

If Carter's seconds have their way, the debate will go two hours, as did the Lincoln-Douglas contests. They would also like to dispense with the panel of journalists who usually protect each debater when sums or syntax start to crack: the spectacle of the two men tackling each other directly, it is theorised, will turn the vast block of undecideds towards the President.

THIS CAMPAIGN has displayed little of Carter's toothy, 1976 smile, and though privately the President can be as amusing as brother Billy, his scripted jokes have been delivered with mincing caution. Reagan is better at the Hollywood joke, which each side has purchased generously, but both men are terrified of spontaneity.

When Carter lashed-out — accurately — at Reagan's use of racist code-words,he was obliged to apologise because of the wagging fingers of Washington editorialists. (Most electors in a television poll were untroubled by Carter's tough talk.)

Explaining the requirement for apology, a White House aide admitted that the President had made little progress towards identifying Reagan as Barry Goldwater. The man is too obviously harmless, and even if his National Security Adviser, Richard Allen, is adequately maniacal, the chief newspapers aren't prepared to say so. If Reagan were to win the election, the editors would have to live with Allen.

It has also been a campaign notable for absence of retribution towards vice, as usually defined in America. At least two Congressional family men are running well-supported campaigns after public exposure of their homosexual tendencies. One, caught by police and FBI agents soliciting sodomy in local bars, is a national spokesman for several conservative causes, including bans on abortion and on employment of gay schoolteachers. He has retained the support of powerful evangelists, whose televised fundamentalism portrays Carter as Satan and Reagan as an archangel. In Tennessee and Mississippi, this kind of moralistic double-think could work against Carter.

Whichever President emerges, his capacities will be largely neutralised by the power of Congress, which will almost certainly come out of the election as nominally Democratic. The word 'nominally' needs to be stressed, because the Carter Democrats in their manifesto have stolen nearly all the positions which befit the Republicans as the party of the banker, the industrialist and the large farmer. In retaliation, the Republicans offer the traditional Democratic promise of growth and jobs for all, financed by an orgy of tax giveaways such as only an economic pornographer could visualise.

Reagan will win, if at all, by clinging to tiny margins in a few key states like Texas, Florida, Illinois, Ohio and Pennsylvania: in none of them are the electoral forces or issues congruent. What they have in common is the hairbreadth size of the Carter/Reagan margin, which may allow some small but cohesive groups -- Moral Re-Armers, Right-to-Lifers, Ku Klux Klan members or anti-Castro Cubans — to arbitrate between victory and defeat.

If Carter wins — now the likelier prospect — he will have lured the decrepit Democratic Party's traditional voters back to their allegiances in the North-East, and will have hung onto the South by the strength of his accent. Neither way will the result be a mandate from Heaven, but the Almighty probably feels just as disgruntled as the electorate.

Patrick Wintour

The carthorse baulks at the last

AS ONE CLOSE observer put it: 'When even Frank Chapple starts looking for an olive branch you know that peace must be busting out all over'. In the end all the unions, including with some internal opposition Chapple's electricians, agreed this week at the last moment that the issue of how lagging work is done at the Isle of Grain power station was not worth seeing 1.5m workers expelled from the TUC. Thereby a crisis of high union politics was averted. It is much less likely that a settlement for the Grain has been found. Malcolm Collar, the General and Municipal Workers Union (GMWU) shop steward for the 57 sacked laggers, remains wary of the settlement, despite having been on the picket line for 14 months. For one thing the Central Electricity Generating Board (CEGB) who precipitated the inter-union dispute and who have a long term industrial relations strategy at stake, have not yet said they will accept the TUC formula.

The rebel unions say they finally could now accept the TUC formula first proposed last July. The difference, they say, is that the TUC, has now put back the date indefinitely when the blackleg or non-GMWU laggers will have to stop lagging the number one unit at the Grain: before that happens the TUC had said this week discussions will have to be well under way between the CEGB and the GMWU laggers over bringing their bonus pay down in line with other workers on the site. Malcolm Collar admits that the laggers shop on site will probably accept their national officials' acceptance of this ceiling on their bonuses but feels that 'the nitty gritty of a bonus scheme' may well take a month to negotiate. Since John Baldwin, general secretary of the rebel construction workers, one of the unions that have been doing the sacked G & M laggers' work, believes that work on the number one unit will be finished by Christmas he may be able to claim he has honoured his commitment to ensure that his blackleg laggers would not have to be sacked to let the G&M laggers back. One senior TUC conciliator says: 'Mr Baldwin was really playing for time, hoping that the work on number one would reach completion. But he is wrong to say the TUC have changed their position this week. The same formula was proposed months ago. It was always made clear to Baldwin that it would take time to get the blacklegs off the work and to put them elsewhere on the site'. Collar concurs: 'We never insisted that the scabs be immediately thrown off the whole site. All we said is that they should not be doing our work'. He does not however agree about the speed of the blackleg laggers: '80 per cent of the lagging work on no 1 unit still needs to be done and, even being kind, it would take the blacklegs until 1983 to do the work'.

It may have been a decision of the Grain shop stewards committee that helped pave the way for the compromise. Previously the committee had been saying that before the blackleg laggers could be redeployed on site the 600 Grain workers sacked by the CEGB earlier this year would first have to be offered their jobs back. Last week the committee withdrew that condition. The committee presumably felt that the blacklegs, having kept the site open, had now taken on the status of near-heroes and were worthy of privileged treatment.

Further headaches remain. It is not clear whether members of the Mechanical Contractors Association such as at present Babcock Power and GEC will continue to organise the work on the no 1 unit or whether it will revert to employers within the Thermal Insulation Contractors Association (Tica) such as Cape.

With the TUC now at least formally united it will become increasingly clear that one of the major issues both at the Grain and a related dispute at two sites in West Wales has been a conflict between clients for large construction sites and Tica. In west Wales Tica employers have been excluded by the oil clients from tendering for the laggers' contract altogether. As a result G&M laggers have also been kept off the job and members of the sheetmetalworkers union are doing it instead. However, there is little bad blood between the excluded laggers and the other workers on the site. The other unions broke the G&M official picket line only when threatened with the sack by the employers if they did not. Mr Probert, the laggers official in west Wales thinks his dispute can now be settled as a result of the grain compromise. The CEGB will have to decide whether they have used the Grain as much as they can in their attempts to cut Tica and the G&M down to size. Certainly both Tica and the G&M laggers seem now more ready to be party to a national large sites agreement than they were before. This has, in Malcolm Collar's view, been the CEGB's long-term aim, but the CEGB could have gone about that goal in a more tactful and less expensive way.

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Prudential profile No.1: Kenneth Fleet reporting

Kenneth Fleet, city editor of the Sunday Express and a well known financial journalist, talks to Sir Hector Laing, Chairman of United Biscuits (right) and Brian Medhurst, Prudential Investment Manager (left) at the control centre of the Company's Harlesden factory.

The Prudential invests £3 million a day. Kenneth Fleet reports from United Biscuits.

Fleet: The Prudential is the largest institutional investor in Britain. How many companies have you invested in?

Brian Medhurst: (*Prudential Investment Manager*) In the United Kingdom, we have investments worth more than £2 billion, spread over 600 companies.

Fleet: How do you regard your relationship with these companies?

Medhurst: One of active interest in the progress of what is normally a long term involvement.

Sir Hector Laing: (*Chairman of United Biscuits*) An approach which we welcome. We don't feel the Pru is prying into our affairs. With their expertise, investing as they do in a very wide range of companies, sometimes the questions they ask us challenge our thinking. They help us to form our ideas for the future.

Fleet: Do you at the Pru genuinely know and understand manufacturing industry?

Medhurst: If we didn't, you might well ask what we have been doing for the past 30 years: for during that period we have built up a team of investment specialists who have been closely involved in studying companies and the industries in which we invest. I believe we know a lot about industry. You might say we are in the business of identifying and backing good management.

Fleet: Does the Pru's size make you vulnerable to outside pressures?

Medhurst: Public and political opinion is focused on the way we behave. If we don't handle our responsibilities well, we are going to be criticised.

Fleet: What is your attitude, Sir Hector, to so-called 'interference' in board room matters by institutional shareholders like the Pru?

Laing: If the Pru appeared to be 'interfering' in our company, it would indicate to me that they thought our plans, or our performance, were not good enough. Long before that arose, I would welcome somebody from the Prudential coming to talk to us about their worries. I would not consider it as interference, but rather as taking a responsible interest.

Fleet: Do you feel a social responsibility when you invest, which goes beyond getting the best possible return for your policyholders and shareholders?

Medhurst: There really is no conflict here. Our responsibility is primarily to the 8 million policyholders whose savings we are managing. We are committed, in a very competitive world, to achieving the best return on these savings. But society benefits from our channelling these resources into areas likely to produce the best return.

The Prudential's annual report is available from the Publicity Department, Prudential Assurance Company Limited, 142 Holborn Bars, London EC1N 2NH.

Prudential

You don't know the half of it.

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The concentration of corporate power

In *A House Divided*, his account of the Lib-Lab Pact, David Steel describes a lunch at which he encountered Denis Healey, then Chancellor of the Exchequer. Healey was being submitted to a lecture from Harold Wilson, fresh from his retirement job as chairman of an inquiry into the workings of the investment system. 'Don't you understand, Denis', said the ex-premier in tones of revelation, 'it's not the Chancellor who runs the British economy. *It's the pension funds*'.

Sir Harold was right, but the discovery came rather late in the career of a man who spent so much time discoursing about the need for long-term investment to regenerate British industry. But the workings of the City of London, centre of Britain's investment business, are wholly mysterious to most trade unionists, company directors and politicians. This week, we lift the lid on the £30 billion pension-fund industry. For the first time, we expose in detail the reality of short-term speculation which goes on behind many august institutional facades, devoted ostensibly to the virtues of solid investment.

First RICHARD MINNS in an extract from his forthcoming book[1] shows that control of pension funds in Britain is far more concentrated than previously believed. Second, CHRISTOPHER HIRD uses a little-known provision of the Companies Act to penetrate the secrecy that normally surrounds share-dealing, and shows how pension funds and other respectable institutions participated in the speculative 'dawn raids' which rocked several British industrial firms earlier this year.

[1]**Pension Funds and British Capitalism:** *The Ownership and control of shareholdings*, Heinemann, 1 December, £13 hardback.

THE DRAMATIC RISE of pension funds in the last fifteen years — from assets of about £4 billion in the early sixties to £30 billion in the late seventies — has been matched by a stream of punditry about 'revolution' or 'structural change' in society. In the United States Peter Drucker coined the phrase 'pension fund socialism,' arguing that employees in American business through their pension funds have acquired enough equity capital to control the American economy. As profits become pensions — that is 'deferred wages' — Drucker argues, surplus value has disappeared.

Sir Harold Wilson, in his capacity as chairman of the Committee to Review the Functioning of Financial Institutions, has caught the infection, saying trade union members

> now control, or soon will, some 50 per cent of the equity capital of the 250 or so biggest industrial companies, through pension fund trustees in the main accountable to them.

He went on to claim that when public corporation pension funds bought shares, this amounted to an extension of nationalisation, and at a pace much faster than that of conventional nationalisation. The growth of pension funds was he asserted, 'the biggest social revolution we have had in this country.'

Sir Keith Joseph has also taken up the theme, asking

> Whom do workers injure when they strike?

All of these people make the mistake of believing that a change in society arises from a change in legal ownership. Whoever gets the pension in the end, and whoever has his name on the trust deed, British pension funds remain under the control of people far removed from the workers and pensioners.

THE MAJORITY OF pension funds and most pension fund assets are 'externally controlled'; that is, under the day-to-day management of professional institutions such as banks, insurance companies and unit trust and investment trust companies. Unfortunately no-one knows exactly how many pension funds there are in the country: the Department of Industry, which has the most complete list, refuses to release it on the grounds that it might be taken to be comprehensive when it is not. My own research suggests that there are about 40 internally controlled pension funds (see Table 1). This excludes the pension funds of financial institutions — such as the banks and building societies — as these funds are themselves under the control of those financial institutions. In addition, there must be some small self-managed funds which I was not able to detect; however they will not significantly affect the total value of investments in self managed funds — around £10,000 million in 1978.

In the internally managed fund the day-to-day decisions about investments are under the control of the company, nationalised industry or local authority who set up the fund. Although it is usual for these funds to have City representatives from banks, stockbrokers and insurance companies on the pension fund's board of trustees, these advisors do not handle day to day management.

In contrast, externally managed funds are frequently under the complete discretion of a bank or insurance company. The funds are then managed according to that institution's own investment policy, under only the most general guidance from the funds' trustees. Stock brokers are keen to argue that most of the funds

2 Financial institutions managing pension funds (1978-9)

Institution	Pension funds managed £m
Banks	
Hill Samuel Investment Management	1,800
J. Henry Schroder Wagg	1,200
Morgan Grenfell	1,100
Warburg Investment Management	1,000
County Bank	900
Lloyds Bank Trust Division	760
Robert Fleming Investment Management	800
Rothschilds	600
Kleinworth Benson Investment Managment	550
Lazards	500
Baring Brothers	450
Hambros Investment Management Services	400
Williams and Glyn's	330
Midland Bank Trust Co	200
Barclays Bank Trust Co	180
Charterhouse Japhet	150
Drayton Montague Portfolio Management (subsidiary of Midland Bank)	100
Stockbrokers	
Phillips and Drew	1,000*
Pember and Boyle	750
de Zoete and Bevan	650*
Fielding, Newson Smith	320
Hoare Govett	210
Panmure Gordon	170
Wise Speke	150
Grieveson Grant	100
Others	
John Govett	300
Murray Johnstone	250
Geoffrey Morley & Partners	200
Ivory and Sime	180
Baillie Gifford	100
Touche Remnant	165

*estimates

1 Self Managed Pension Funds (1978)

	£m		£m
National Coal Board	1,439	Philips and Pye	113
Post Office (¾ fund)	1,235	GEC	100
Electricity Council	948	S. Yorkshire County Council	77
ICI	694	Coats Patons	75
British Steel Corporation	671	Thorn	72
BP	517	National Water Council (⅓ fund)	70
British Gas	460	BAT Industries (part)	60
Imperial Group	450	Pilkington Bros	56
British Airways	424	Rowntree Mackintosh	50
Unilever	380	Babcock & Wilcox	44
Shell	378	Fisons	44
Greater London Council	220	Derbyshire County Council	39
Lucas Industries	209	J. Laing	33
West Midland County Council	180	Trafalgar House	30
Reed International	157	Imperial Metal Industries	25
Esso	150	Simon Engineering	25
West Yorkshire County Council	137	Booker McConnell	20
British Rail (1/4 equities)	125	United Builders Merchants	18
Courtauds	125	Gestetner	19
Distillers	116	Wilmot Breedon	15
(Total value in table £10,000m)			

4 Wearing two hats: merchant banks and their clients

1 Bank	2 Number of quoted companies for which bank acts as financial adviser	3 Number of companies in previous column in which bank's pension fund clients hold shares	Column 3 as percentage of column 2
Baring Brothers	58	19	33
Charterhouse Japhet	34	2	6
Robert Fleming	39	4	10
Hambros	46	14	30
Hill Samuel	125	15	12
Kleinwort Benson	91	11	12
Morgan Grenfell	69	15	22
J.Henry Schroder Wagg	94	23	24
S. G. Warburg	103	19	18

Source: Column 2 — Crawfords Directory of City Connections, 1979-80
Column 3 — Surveys of pension fund shareholding

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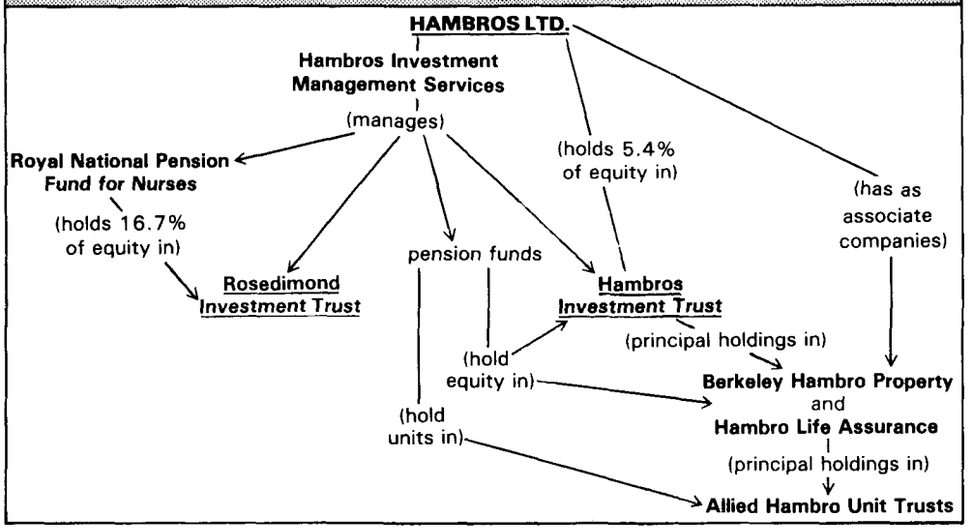
One financial family tree in the City forest.



they manage are conducted on an 'advisory' basis, as opposed to the 'discretionary' system on which banks and insurance companies usually work. My own research found that this advisory role was not an accurate description of what stockbrokers do. They now have, for all intents and purposes, day-to-day management control. Duncan Fraser, a firm of actuaries specialising in analysing investment performance of pension funds have concluded:

> In practice, very few managers are subject to restrictions and the few that are, are generally able to alter them, if desired, after consultation with the trustees concerned.

In 1978 the total assets of all pension funds amounted to about £30 billion, so that about two-thirds of the assets were externally managed by City institutions. So, assuming that the proportions of pension funds shares, gilts and other investments can be divided up accordingly, two-thirds of the shares in companies held by pension funds are controlled on a day-to-day basis by the City. The largest such institutions are shown in Table 2. It is clear that the concentration of control in these institutions is even greater than in the pension funds themselves: out of an estimated £17.25 billion which it has been possible to identify as externally managed by specific banks and brokers, £13 billion is managed by 20 institutions. In other words: including the self-managed funds, sixty institutions control over 75 per cent of the assets in pension funds.

THIS IS NOT, however, a complete picture of control as banks and brokers manage investments for other clients too, and control a large number of investment and unit trusts, which are also invested in shares. (See the chart for Hambros family tree). With pension funds' cash flow running at about £3 billion a year these institutions are in a potentially powerful position and one which is completely obscured by the conventional statistics on the ownership of shares. Table 3 shows the analysis by beneficial share ownership, and my own calculations of control, based on the Department of Industry's survey of 1975 shareholdings. Beneficial ownership has been reallocated on the basis that two-thirds of pension fund assets are under external control.

My own research suggests that merchant banks control 65 per cent, stockbrokers 25 per cent (mainly local authority pension funds) and other institutions 10 per cent of externally managed funds. From talking to brokers and bankers I estimate that about 20 per cent of personal shareholdings are managed on a discretionary basis. The most outstanding difference in the table is that between ownership and control in the banks. They *owned* less than 1 per cent of company shares, but they *controlled* almost 18 per cent. Merchant banks become the largest category of institutional *controllers,* while pension funds were the largest owners. In fact pension funds control only 5.6 per cent of shares, while owning 16.8 per cent.

Since 1975 pension funds' have probably increased their ownership of company shares, but given the preponderance of external management this means that this growth will have tended to increase the concentration of control even further.

Before examining the effect of this structure on the investment policy followed by these institutions, an important feature of the system demands remark. As mentioned, many of the internally-managed funds also carry representatives of the financial institutions as trustees or advisers. Although not involved in day-to-day management, these luminaries advise on general policy. For example, the National Coal Board fund has representatives from the Commercial Union (insurance), John Govett (fund managers) and Gartmore Fund Managers; the Electricity Council is advised by Lazards; ICI has two trustees who are directors of major insurance companies.

All these advisers come from concerns which are themselves major investors and the effect of this frequent contact must be to increase the tendency towards conformity of judgment within the small number of major institutions that dominate the financial markets.

WHAT THEN, IS the effect of this concentration? The very high cash flow of the pension funds puts the institutions under pressure to deploy money swiftly and cheaply. This means that they are increasingly pushed towards the shares of large companies. Most institutions restrict the percentage of a company's shares they are prepared to buy — so that they can readily sell or prune their holdings — and this also makes large companies attractive to them. Either explicity of implicity the investment strategies of the institutions are aimed at the large companies. For example, in the merchant bank Schroder Wagg no investment manager has discretion outside the 200 'core' companies.

As a result of such strategies large banks and brokers have invested more of their money in large companies than have their smaller brethren. Taking £600 million of funds under management as the dividing line between large managing institutions and small, I found that large institutions had 90.9 per cent of their shares in larger companies, while smaller banks and brokers controlled pension funds which had 85.5 per cent of their assets in companies ('Large companies' in this case are those with a stock market value of more than £40 million). This 5.4 per cent difference represents some

cont on p. 14

3 The ownership and control of company shares (per cent)

	Ownership	Control
Persons	37.5	29.9
Charities and other non-profit-making bodies	2.3	0.2
Stockbrokers (and jobbers)	0.4	6.3
Banks	0.7	17.6
Insurance companies	15.9	17.1
Pension funds	16.8	5.6
Unit trusts	4.1	11.1
Investment trusts and other financial companies	10.0	
Industrial and commercial companies	3.0	3.0
Public sector	3.6	3.6
Overseas sector	5.6	5.6
TOTAL VALUE OF ASSETS £44,560m.	100	100

'Thus the professional investor is forced to concern himself with the anticipation of impending changes, in the news or in the atmosphere, of the kind by which experience shows that the mass psychology of the market is most influenced . . . This battle of wits to anticipate the basis of conventional valuation a few months hence, rather than the prospective yield of an investment over the long term of years, does not even require gulls amongst the public to feed the maws of the professional; — it can be played by professionals amongst themselves . . . For it is, so to speak, a game of Snap, of Old Maid — a pastime in which he is victor who says Snap neither too soon nor too late, who passes the Old Maid to his neighbour before the game is over. These games can be played with zest and enjoyment, though all the players know that it is the Old Maid which is circulating . .'
Keynes, The General Theory of Employment, Interest and Money

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The institutions at work

IT IS OF CRITICAL importance if one wants to understand what the concentration of investment control means in practice to look at the experience of this year's dawn raids. On the basis of short term financial considerations, decisions about the long term future of productive industry were taken. This would not have been possible if control of investment funds had been more widely dispersed. Until now no account has been given of who sold shares in these raids, but our success in breaking through much of the cloak of anonymity afforded by the existence of nominee companies means that it is now possible to judge the day-to-day behaviour of the financial institutions against their public claims and pronouncements.

Briefly, there were eleven dawn raids between 1 February and 25 July. Typically, the predator secured a near 30 per cent holding in the victim by offering a price for the shares well above the recent market price. Four of these raids were followed by takeover bids for the companies involved — one of which has failed. The possibility of bids for the rest remains strong. By their nature the raids did not allow for reasoned and considered judgement on behalf of the seller.

Investigating who sold is not easy, but, in general, we have found that in most raids a relatively small number of shareholders control most of the shares sold, despite the number of entries on the share register. And, second, there is a small number of shareholders who crop up again and again. These include unit trusts, merchant banks and insurance companies. Our main findings are shown in the table below.*

Before discussing the findings in detail it is worth giving a brief account of the method of investigation, which is not infallible. The starting point is the register which a company keeps of its shareholders. From this it is possible to extract a list of shareholders who have sold during the period in which the raid took place. Examination of the detailed accounts of these shareholders helps locate those whose sales were registered at the time of the registration of the raiders' purchase.

This method inevitably leaves gaps. First, the search has realistically to be restricted to large holders; small shareholders (usually under 100,000) will be overlooked even though ultimate control of several of these may be in one bank or other fund manager. Second, the stock exchange's two week accounting system means that any shareholder who sold and then bought back within a few days does not appear on the register. Third, 'short sales' — sales of shares which the seller did not own at the time (a common feature in some of the early dawn raids) — cannot be traced.

As a result of these and other factors we have not managed in any case to trace more than 90 per cent of the shares which changed hands in a raid and in the case of Consolidated Goldfields we have not managed to trade even half of the shares, where 1.2m of the 16½ million

The table shows all those controlling institutions whom we were able to identify as sellers, except for those who only cropped up once in our search. Other than for ConsGold, each entry on a share register is represented by a cross.

'Dawn raids': the main sellers

	Serck	Cons Gold	Rever-tex	Carpets Internat.	Marshall Cavendish	Anderson Strathclyde	Pritchard Services	BPC	Gough Cooper	Mallinson Denny	Petro-con
Insurance companies & self-managed pension funds											
CIS				X						X	
Eagle Star Insurance						XX	X	X		X	
Equity & Law			X	X						X	
Equitable Life			XX							X	
Guardian Royal Exchange		X				XX					
London & Manchester Assurance			XX	X	X			XXX		X	
NFU	XXX		XX			X	X			X	
Prudential		X				XXX					
Refuge Assurance			X			XX					
Sun Alliance				XXXX		X	X		X		
Sun Life Assurance	X	X	X							X	
Unilever		X				X		X		X	
Self-Managed unit trusts & investment trusts											
Britannia	XX	X		XXX	X			XX		XX	
Chieftain					X			X	X		
Edinburgh Inv. Trust				X		X					
Electra Inv. Trust		X		X						XX	
Gartmore	X			X		X		X	X		X
M & G		X			XXX			X	XX		
Save & Prosper	XXX			XX	X	X		X		XX	
Schlesinger	X				X			X	X		X
Target					XX			X	X		
Tyndall	X					X			X	XX	
Fund Managers											
Barings			X			X					
Barclays		X		X	X	XX		X			
Capel					X			X			
Charterhouse		X				XXXX					
Edinburgh Fund Managers					X			X			
Robert Fleming	X	X								XX	
Grieveson Grant					X			X			
Hambros	X	X			X	X		XX		XXXXXX	X
Henderson	X				X	X		X	X	X	
Hill Samuel	X	X	X	X	X				X	X	
Lazards		X								XX	X
Lloyds Bank	X	X						X			
Samuel Montague	X			X					X		
Shaw & Co.			X							X	
Touche Remnant							XX			X	
Warburgs		X		X		X		X		XX	
Total number of shares in raid (000)	8905	7516	4200	5940	4336	10000	1900	11500	2300	9777	1165
% of these accounted for	70	45½	62½	90	79	71	30	72	68	75	83
No. of sellers accounted for	37	95	30	19	23	44	5	31	13	53	5
No. of these unidentified	9	3	8	1	7	9	0	1	2	6	0

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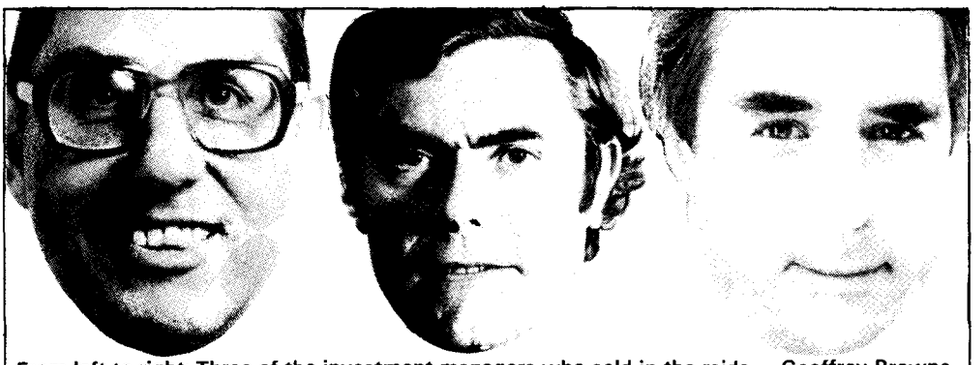

From left to right: Three of the investment managers who sold in the raids — Geoffrey Browne (Sun Alliance), Stuart Goldsmith (Britannia), John Mauser (Save & Prosper)

sold are known to have been short sales.

The next problem is identifying the shareholders on the list. Take, for example, Serck in which we accounted for 38 sellers: only 14 of these were immediately recognisable as internally managed institutions. The remainder were either nominee companies or, a small minority, identifiable institutions who are externally managed. It is here that a little known section of the 1976 Companies Act comes in useful. Under this Act a public company can ask any shareholder to identify the beneficial owner of the shares and, when receiving such information, must keep it in a register which is open to public inspection. Not all of the companies that were dawn raided have exercised this right, and even some of those that have, did it several years ago. However, it has proved possible by examining as many of these registers as we could lay our hands on — not just of companies that have been dawn raided — to discover the beneficial ownership of many nominee holdings.

Still some nominees have remained inpenetrable. In particular, the companies owned by the merchant banks give no clue to the beneficial ownership. However, it has become clear that very few, if any, merchant banks offer a simple nominee registration service and that the shareholdings registered in their name are generally under their control; and it is control in which we are interested. It is, clearly, possible that there can be changes in the underlying beneficial ownership of shares, which are undetectable from share register movements.

THOSE NOMINEES whose control we could not penetrate are, obviously, not in our table and we have also excluded those institutions which only appeared once or twice as sellers. The table, therefore, shows the most active sellers. The total number of *controlling* institutions who sold is generally lower than the total number of sellers accounted for (shown at the bottom of each column) as many institutions are holders under several names. The effect of spreading the shareholding around in this way is to give the appearance — often to the companies themselves — that the shares are more widely held than they in fact are. Take, for example, Carpets International. Between them just three institutions — Save & Prosper, Britannia and Sun Alliance — owned 2,052,000 of the 5.9 million shares sold in the raid. In the case of Mallinson Denny we have been able to identify six shareholders who are under the control of Hambros Bank, ranging from their unit trust company, Allied Hambro, through their own nominee company to the Royal National Pension Fund for Nurses. Similarly in the case of Anderson Strathclyde, Allied Breweries Pension Fund and the Civil Aviation Authority pension fund, both controlled by bankers Charterhouse Japhet sold, along with Charterhouse Pensions and the bank's nominee company. Together these holdings amounted 746,000 shares, out of a total sold in the raid of 10 million.

As the table shows, the unit trust groups have been particularly active sellers. In the case of Petrocon, Gartmore, Allied Hambro and Schlesinger between them accounted for 585,000 of the shares sold. The same trio, joined by Henderson were sellers in BPC, Serck and Marshall Cavendish. In some cases unit trusts accounted for virtually all the shares sold: 78 per cent in the case with Marshall Cavendish, 62 per cent in Gough Cooper and, 41 per cent in BPC (in this case three big pension funds, two insurance companies and a merchant bank also sold).

THERE IS A powerful reason why unit trusts should be active sellers: the success of their business depends to a great extent on the short-term performance of their units. Mr Stuart Goldsmith of Britannia says that he was not tremendously keen on dawn raids as they were probably not in the best interests of the companies involved but that whilst the opportunity was there he had to take it, which he did on six occasions.

The pressure for performance is not, though, restricted to unit trusts. Many merchant banks are anxious to show a good performance in the pension funds which they manage so that the job is not handed to one of their competitors. As pension funds have obligations stretching well into the future it is far from clear that judging performance on a short-term view is appropriate. The argument for taking short-term profits is that by continually increasing the size of the fund, greater income can be earned. It is ultimately this belief that lies behind the justification for the decision of long-term funds such as insurance companies to sell. Mr Geoffrey Browne, the chief investment manager of Sun Alliance, although expressing unease about the whole dawn raids episode, sold on at least four occasions. He says he had an obligation to get the best for his policy holders and the price he was offered more than discounted the opportunities. Mr Peter Moody, of the Prudential — who sold in two raids said that he sold in the Consolidated Goldfields raid because it was clearly not the prelude to a bid and there was the prospect of buying back at a lower price. He described the Pru's general philosophy as having a 'core' longterm holding and then trading short-term with the rest of the holding.

There are two objections to this argument. First, as Keynes said in Chapter 12 of *The General Theory* — still one of the best accounts of the speculative stock market process:

> The Stock Exchange revalues many investments every day and the revaluations give a frequent opportunity to the individual *(though not to the community as a whole)* to revise his commitments. (Our emphasis).

And, as he goes on to say later:

> When the capital development of a country becomes a by-product of the activities of a casino, the job is likely to be ill-done.

The second difficulty is that increasing evidence, from America especially, suggets that the search to beat the average market performance is illusory.

The effect on the victim companies in dawn raids was, however, anything but illusory. Real shares, with real votes and real power changed hands. It was not necessary for this to happen. We came across only a few examples of public sector pension funds selling. The Norwich Union refused to participate in any such raid, despite having shareholdings in many of the companies. But other institutions remain unmoved. On Tuesday this week Ward White bought 14.9 per cent of K Shoes under the new, voluntary rules aimed at controlling raids. Among the sellers were Eagle Star Insurance; their investment manager Mr Joseph Szeremeta explained that his policy is always to check that the purchase is not intended as the prelude to a bid. So far none of the companies where he sold have been bid for but such undertakings are, of course, by their nature unenforceable.

Pension funds

Contd from p.11

£1400 million, and makes a significant dent in the common assumption that pension funds are all invested alike.

But more important, the financial sector equity group contains a greater concentration of large companies than any other equity group. Large managing institutions control funds with a much larger holding in the financial sector (27.1 per cent) than small institutions (20.3 per cent). The position is completely reversed in the case of the capital goods sector which has the largest concentration of small companies (particularly engineering).

What, therefore, emerges is a structure of pension funds management which is predominantly under the day-to-day control of large institutions in the financial sector and which is invested more and more heavily by these large institutions in the shares of the *same* financial sector (mainly clearing banks and insurance companies).

THE CONTROL OVER pension funds by a few City institutions presents them with a number of opportunities to acquire additional income. These include:

- Putting the pension funds' money on deposit at the bank, on normal commercial terms so the bank can lend it at a profit.
- Splitting the commission on share deals between the stockbroker and the bank concerned, and thereby being allowed under Stock Exchange rules to charge a higher rate than if the deals were done on 'best terms' without such a split
- Investing the funds in the banks' own unit trusts, for which the fees are much higher

The control over shareholdings also gives the banks voting power in the companies. This means that a bank could in theory use the shares — it controls to help a corporate client

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— that is, a client for whom the bank acts in some other capacity such as an adviser on takeovers and mergers, or as a banker. Table 4 shows the extent to which merchant banks act for companies as financial advisers in which pension funds under their control have invested. In all but two of the nine banks listed the overlap is considerable.

Now, the banks make much play of the fact that their corporate finance and investment sides are kept separate. But the point is this: if a bank's investment department could not invest client's funds in companies for which it acted in some other capacity then investment clients would take their funds to an investment manager who had fewer corporate clients. This could encourage funds to move to smaller banks and other managers who would, as we have seen, concentrate less on the large financial companies as an investment. By default rather than by design the present system ensures that there is a tendency for both the investment management and corporate finance function to be concentrated in a few institutions. Four of the top five banks who are corporate advisers to companies — Schroder Wagg, S.G. Warburg, Morgan Grenfell and Hill Samuel — are among the top five banks managing pension fund investment.

This overlap is particularly significant when banks are advising a company on raising fresh money from shareholders via a rights issue, when the banks' investment clients can provide an important link in ensuring that a bank's expectations about an issue are fulfilled.

FAR FROM BEING a revolution in the ownership of the means of production one of the outstanding features of the rise of funded pensions schemes has been the way in which they have provided the City with an additional resource. A major problem arises, of course, because many aspects of pension fund investment may act against the interests of the workers whose welfare the funds are designed to protect. Their willingness to sanction takeovers and to participate in dawn raids (see page 12) are two obvious examples.

The managing institutions will act in the short-term interest largely because they do not have a particularly long-term concern with the British economy. Yao-Su Hu has described* how the British financial system did not evolve in order to finance the growth of British industry. England was a commercial and trading power before the industrial revolution and industrial enterprises were formed by wealthy owner-manager capitalists, capital being provided on a private and local basis. British banks and the British stock market played little part in financing long-term industrial development. In 1883, 93 per cent of securities quoted on the London Stock Exchange were those of overseas governments and railways; in 1933 these still accounted for 80 per cent of stock exchange securities. At the end of the seventies London's stock exchange still had the largest number of overseas securities compared to other stock exchanges; British banks had more foreign branches than any other country's, and in 1978 lending overseas by UK banks comprised 65 per cent of total UK banking sector assets.

It is not surprising that with this massive diversification of assets throughout the world the financial institutions of the City pursue only a short-term view of risk and return for both pension funds and British industry alike. Their dependence on what happens to industry and pensions in Britain is substantially limited by the overseas role which has consistently and uniquely characterised the City as a financial centre.

Two major policy options suggest themselves. First, the disproportionate investment in the financial sector caused by the increasing concentration of control suggests that there is a case for eliminating the structure of private ownership of financial institutions: with no financial shares, investment in this sector would become impossible. Second, so far as the ideology of investment is concerned investment for long-term production and employment is only likely to be embarked upon when the labour movement can have an impact on investment policies directly. Union trustees will find it a hard struggle. But local authority pension funds are ultimately accountable to an elected council. Between them the six metropolitan councils and the GLC alone have funds of over £2 billion. This provides an opportunity to implement a new investment approach which other pension funds can then take part in.

In London the Labour Party has produced proposals as part of its election manifesto in which a proportion of the GLC pension fund's cash flow would be devoted to long-term investment. Under this a Greater London Enterprise Board would, amongst other things, provide long-term risk capital for new or existing public or private sector enterprise. The £80 million fund would be financed equally from the rates and from the pension fund. Such a proposal might be the first way of challenging the worst aspects of the current control of pension funds and of constructing some means to implement an alternative investment strategy.

National Attitudes and the Financing of Industry, PEP Broadsheet no 559, December 1975

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IRELAND
Mary Holland

Atkins is making a mistake in not giving concessions to the Republicans

Ready to die in H-Block

IN NOVEMBER 1977 the Attorney-General, Sam Silkin, wrote to the Prime Minister, James Callaghan, saying there was reason to believe that IRA suspects in Northern Ireland were being consistently ill-treated by the Royal Ulster Constabulary — with the aim of extracting confessions, for presentation in the province's juryless 'Diplock courts'. Mr Silkin's source was the Belfast DPP, who had become alarmed by patterns emerging in cases sent to him for review, and by his own inability to identify and prosecute offending policemen.

This ill-treatment continued at least to the end of the Labour government: Mr Callaghan, Mr Roy Mason, Mr Silkin and perhaps other members of the government knew all about it. Both the Amnesty Report of 1977 and the Bennet Inquiry of 1979 — which finally brought down the government, when it precipitated Gerry Fitt's refusal to vote with Labour — were almost certainly discussed in Cabinet.

This is part of a shameful story, which Peter Taylor has tracked down in his new book *Beating the Terrorists?**. Labour Ministers also knew, and seemingly approved, the reasons why the ill-treatment was happening. Since internment was phased-out in 1975, Northern Ireland has had emergency provisions to process terrorist crimes through special juryless courts, named for their judicial designer, Lord Diplock. Witnesses and evidence being rare, convictions have been overwhelmingly based upon confessions alone, obtained from suspects in custody. Recently, the Catholic Social Democratic and Labour Party claimed that in 90 per cent of cases the accused rejected their confessions, alleging they were made under duress.

PETER TAYLOR quotes figures to substatiate this pattern. Between 1 July 1976 and 1 October 1979 3,312 people were charged with terrorist offences before the Belfast City Commission. Twenty-eight statements were ruled inadmissible because of possible police ill-treatment. In 15 cases the DPP declined to prosecute, but in six cases he initiated prosecutions for assault against 14 policemen. All 14 were acquitted.

As Taylor points out, Labour's actors have vanished from the scene. But the legacy of Roy Mason's Irish policy remains, in the continued failure of the RUC to obtain the confidence of the Catholic community, and in that community's continued support for the Provisional IRA. The most dangerous and immediate form of the legacy is to be found in the H-blocks of Long Kesh, where many Republican prisoners convicted on the basis of confessions have now been 'on the blanket', naked, for four years, and on the 'dirt protest', refusing to use the prison toilet facilities, since March 1978.

Next week, ten of them will be on hunger-strike, and it seems likely that they will die unless Secretary of State Humphrey Atkins can find an honourable formula to save face on both sides. In his epilogue, Peter Taylor writes

> . . . the Diplock courts have filled Northern Ireland's jails with prisoners, most of whom would never have been there were it not for statements they had made in police custody. The Provisionals continued to insist that they were 'special prisoners', and the government countinued to deny it, refusing to acknowledge the fact that they had been arrested, detained, interrogated, tried and sentenced under 'special' emergency legislation. Only in prison did they become 'ordinary' prisoners, sentenced by a due process of law that was anything but 'ordinary'.

To many British readers, the Republican prisoners' case is tainted because it is put by the Provos: Mr Atkins has insisted, like his Labour predecessors, that the state does not differentiate between kinds of criminals, and particularly violent criminals. This sounds reasonable enough, but the statistics of Northern Ireland's prison population point to a more complex reality.

Before 1969, crime in the province was low, and the jail population never above 500. Now 3,000 people are in jail, and even the authorities admit they would never have been in trouble but for the atmosphere of violent conflict in which their formative years were spent. Lawyers and clergymen who have visited the 380 prisoners on the dirt protest are impressed, even appalled by their resolution: the hunger-strike decision could be catastrophic for both Northern Irish communities.

HERE A POLITICAL and pragmatic dimension replaces legal arguments about the definition of a 'special' prisoner. In fact, Provisional demands in this respect have been considerably down-graded. They no longer ask for 'special category status', but for a package of five demands including the right to wear their own clothes, to free association, and to restoration of lost remission.

The government's refusal to compromise is caused, partly at least, by fear that concessions will be presented by the IRA as a propaganda victory. While such danger cannot be discounted, recent history suggests it is exaggerated. Contrary to popular belief, the H-block issue has not been a successful propaganda card for the Provos, and grass-root support has been difficult to muster. Publicly, their leadership is vehemently against the hunger-strike, and privately is extremely ambivalent, knowing that it has always been an expensive and uncertain weapon. Further, the whole pressure of the Northern Catholic establishment, from bishops to politicians, has been towards effecting a compromise of some kind with the British government. If concessions were offered, all that authority would be devoted to persuading the H-block prisoners to accept.

The bishops speak of solving the problem 'in the context of overall prison reform', which is a reference to the Dublin government's very similar difficulties at Portlaoise prison in 1977: concessions, like the wearing of civilian clothes, were quietly extended to all prisoners, thus eliminating propaganda mileage.

Mr Atkins, thanklessly engaged in trying to rescue something of his recent plan for devolved government, needs a solution of some kind. No doubt, he fears a Unionist backlash over concessions. But equally, any political progress he has made through his patient, courteous negotiating style is likely to be wiped out if the bodies of young men are brought back from Long Kesh for funerals in the Catholic areas of Northern Ireland.

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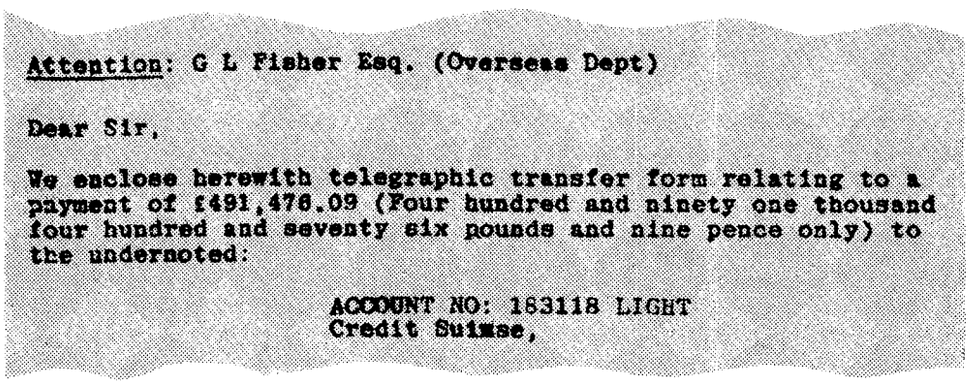
Duncan Campbell

More on the merchants of death

Joel Barnett MP, chairman of the Public Accounts Committee, has told the NS that our reports of bribery and massaging of accounts on the part of International Military Services — Britain's nationalised arms firm — 'will have to be considered' by his committee. Last week we reported that IMS, which is controlled by the Ministry of Defence, had illegally adjusted their 1979 accounts to show a profit instead of a loss, had recently paid large sums into a secret Swiss bank account (part of an ongoing system of bribes and 'commission' payments) and had secretly arranged with the MoD to avoid repayment of £300 million advances due for cancelled Iranian orders.

The MoD described the reports as 'serious' and 'inaccurate', but when asked to specify supposed inaccuracies, said: 'We don't choose to answer that question'. Signs of incipient buck-passing, however, may be discerned in the Ministry's further remark that 'IMS have assured us that they have not acted illegally in the way they have gone about their business'.

However, the MoD will not be able to walk away quite so easily. We have a letter from IMS to the Ministry which confirms that the Under-Secretary for Defence Sales, Hugh Braden, and his officials, saw the IMS accounts *before* they were altered to show a previously-invisible trading profit. Moreover, among IMS's closely-guarded documents are secret 'guidelines' from the Ministry on how to handle 'commissions' like those required by Sir Shapoor Reporter, Britain's Mr-One—per-Cent in the Iranian arms business: the IMS executives therefore have a sporting chance of showing that they were acting strictly upon instructions.



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Ailing Charter 77 spokesman faces three years in prison

The assault of Rudolf Battek

AN URGENT appeal from Charter 77, the Czechoslovak human rights organisation, has just reached the West. Amnesty International, and others, are asked to press for the release of Charter 77's spokesman, Rudolf Battek, who is illegally detained in Ruzyne Prison, and about to face trial on a charge of 'assaulting' a policeman. Battek is 56, and his health is rapidly deteriorating due to ill-treatment: previous cases have shown that severity of punishment can only be affected in the crucial period *before* the trial.

In 1968 Battek was a deputy in the Czech National Council, and worked for the Czechoslovak Academy of Science. Since, he has spent four years as a political prisoner, and worked for eight years cleaning windows. He leads a non-communist group, the Independent Socialists (whose manifesto was published in the NS, 10 November 1978). Battek has been in close touch with the Austrian Socialist Party and with the Socialist International: in July 1978 the Independent Socialists sent an open letter to Mr Callaghan, and in October 1979 protests from Bruno Kreisky and Olof Palme brought about Battek's release when he was detained on suspicion of subversion.

He now faces the possibility of three years' jail under Article 221/1 of the Penal Code. The official version is that on 20 June, after being summoned to a police station to discuss the 'theft' of his car, Battek tried to leave without permission. Outside, he supposedly struck a policeman, knocking off his cap. Originally, the charge was assaulting a public official and causing a disturbance: three weeks later, the policeman claimed that concussion had hospitalised him for two weeks, and the charge was altered.

BATTEK SAYS he left the waiting-room voluntarily. When a policeman tried to force him back into the station, he took his customary stance on police harassment: folding his hands across his chest and calling to passers-by to witness his compliance. (This behaviour has been regarded as necessary since Charter spokesman Dr Jaroslav Sabata was convicted under similarly obscure circumstances.)

A satirical article circulating unofficially inside Czechoslovakia notes that the policeman was sufficiently 'unconcussed' to have taken Battek back into the police station — and that certification of his injuries only appeared on 10 July, as a police document, not confirmable by civilian authorities. The article suggests that Western media attention has been minimised by official presentation of the incident as a criminal matter.

Rudolf Battek

Jiri Bednár

It also catalogues Battek's harassment in the year leading up to his arrest. He was held for three 48-hour interrogations: his flat was frequently searched, and three typewriters confiscated. Twice he was dumped 80 miles outside Prague, after midnight in midwinter, with light clothing and no money. He has been twice stopped in the street and manhandled: three weeks before his arrest, someone slashed the tyres of his car.

The public prosecutor has produced no serious explanation of his extension of the legal detention period beyond 14 September, and everything suggests the assault case is designed merely to suppress Battek's political activities.

The severe conditions of his present custody are likely to produce permanent damage to Battek's health. Chronic asthma prevents him sleeping horizontally: sleeping sitting-up with inadequate covering has produced a serious chill. Amnesty reports that he is too ill to go into the fresh air, but has not been moved to the prison hospital. Drugs adminstered for his asthma, together with lack of sleep, may prevent him making an adequate defence if put on trial.

But Battek's case is only one, striking, example of now-widespread repressive action against human-rights activists in Czechoslovakia and Eastern Europe generally. In a recent letter to President Gustav Husak, Charter 77 says:

> We pose the question whether the mounting severe repression against Charter 77 signatories, while preparations are under way for the Madrid conference (to review the implementation of the Helsinki Final Act on European Security and Co-operation, scheduled for 11 November) is not an attempt to undermine the process of lessening tension . . .

A loaf in the right direction

Hannah Wright writes: This Monday, Rank Hovis MacDougall, one of the two giant ugly sisters of British bread, started a TV campaign costing £1.5 m. to sell their new Windmill range of brown breads. For the past twenty-five years RHM and their rivals, Associated British Foods, have been flooding their monopolistic market with heavily additived and flavourless white sliced blotting paper, insisting that this was what the consumer wanted while making it hard for many consumers to find an alternative.

Finally even the sluggish British tastebud has revolted and sales of brown bread in the year ending August 1980 were up 27 per cent over the previous year, while white bread sales continued their steady decline. As a result RHM have launched a completely new range of brown, bran, granary, and wholemeal bread, all wrapped, sliced and available everywhere except Scotland and N.Ireland.

The wrappers have nutritional information about calories, fat and protein content, but no vitamins or minerals (the comparison between wholemeal and others might be too striking) and a list of ingredients, including 'Emulsifier (unnamed) improves the eating qualities of your loaf'. Depends what you mean by quality. Brian Kearsley, senior sales executive of RHM's British Bakeries defends the unnamed additives by saying that 'the long names may sound quite horrific to the layman' — not only to the layman, Mr Kearsley. However, to have a wholemeal loaf which is available nearly everywhere, albeit with two unnamed additives, is a great step in the right direction. Two cheers for RHM and the final awakening of the British tastebud.

STUDENTS

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NEW STATESMAN

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A new look at Dad's Army

Our defence series — having had contributors as diverse as Mary Kaldor and Field-Marshal Lord Carver — now takes a different turn. Given the requirement for defence, does the left have tactical and organisational ideas which might loosen-up the nuclear impasse? DAVID FERNBACH begins with a little-known piece of history: the ideas and actions of Tom Wintringham (pictured), who was a commander in the Spanish Civil War, and was a central figure in the wartime development of the Home Guard. The 'Dad's Army' image has obscured some important realities.

WITH THE apparent collapse of detente, and the increased popular anxiety this arouses, the time is ripe for a successful challenge to the disastrous policies of nuclear Atlanticism. Yet the Left is seriously held back by the lack of a positive alternative — giving the impression that we are not genuinely interested in the defence of our island, or even that we see the expansion of Soviet influence as desirable.

In the 1930s, the absence of any serious engagement with defence weakened the Left in a similar way. The Labour Party exchanged George Lansbury, an absolute pacifist, for Clement Attlee, content to leave the conduct of the war to Churchill. There was, however, a small but interesting group on the Left, both before and during the Second World War, who consistently sought to develop a democratic military policy. Its central figure was Tom Wintringham, who achieved national prominence, but was rapidly forgotten after the war, and died in 1949.

A scholar at Balliol in 1920, Wintringham became a founder member of the Communist Party. He gave loyal service for the next 17 years, among other things helping to start the *Morning Star*. His interest in military affairs led to a series of articles and pamphlets, and in 1935 a book titled *The Coming World War*. Wintringham became established as the British CP's military expert, and it was natural that he should leave for Spain in the summer of 1936.

Hugh Thomas possibly exaggerates, in *The Spanish Civil War*, when he credits Wintringham with conceiving the International Brigade; but he was certainly active in its preparation, and commanded the British battalion in the battle of Jarama.

IT WAS IN SPAIN, however, that Wintringham became increasingly disaffected with the sectarianism of Muscovite Communism, and on return to England in 1938 he left the party, though continuing to define himself as a communist, and staunchly committed to the Popular Front. In his memoir of Spain, *English Captain*, and a best-selling pamphlet *How to Reform the Army*, he sought to apply the lessons of the Spanish war to the impending struggle against Nazi Germany, a consistent theme being the tactical advantages of democratisation.

Wintringham's ideas had only minor influence on the Left, and his approaches to the War Office were completely unsuccessful. The unmitigated dominance of the blimps until 1940 is of course legendary, and even led to the resignation of Leslie Hore-Belisha (the Tory minister who had attempted, with Liddell Hart at his elbow, to carry out various measures of modernisation). With the national emergency of May 1940, however, Wintringham at last found his opportunity.

The conventional image of the Home Guard, as a Dad's Army centred in the most benighted rural areas, obscures the fact that this force had its origins in a spontaneous popular movement, and retained a democratic spirit and style that were quite at variance with the Regular Army. When it was announced on 10 May that German parachute troops had landed in Holland, improvised units of 'local defence volunteers' started forming at once, and three days later a radio appeal by Anthony Eden brought a quarter of a million recruits in 24 hours.

Units formed very often on a workplace basis, choosing their own officers and even finding their own weapons, and it took months for the War Office to bring the Home Guard under proper control. (One favoured activity in summer 1940 was setting up road blocks to harass the pleasure vehicles of the upper classes.)

1940 brought the most rapid shift in social relations Britain had experienced since the 17th century. George Orwell could write that 'in the summer what amounted to a revolutionary situation existed in England'. The very existence of the Home Guard, as a massive volunteer force recruited from the popular classes, was certainly an early and striking example of the radical consensus that the threat of invasion produced.

WINTRINGHAM, too, saw the spontaneous popular movement of the Home Guard as showing a certain parallel with the beginnings of the republican army in Spain. He was writing regularly for *Picture Post*, and its proprietor Edward Hulton found him the money and premises to start a completely unauthorised Home Guard Training School at Osterley Park, which he staffed mainly with fellow veterans of Spain. The War Office ordered its closure, but in the volatile situation of the time Wintringham was able to keep the School open and give instruction to several thousand Home Guards, and even some Regular units.

In October, the School's reputation was such that the War Office had to take it over with Wintringham still in charge, using it as a general model for the Home Guard.

Wintringham justifiably claimed that 'we gave a more coherent description of German tactics, and of the answer to these tactics, than was available elsewhere, in the Regular Army as well as in the Home Guard. . . (besides) the essential elements of guerilla warfare'. At the directly military level, Wintringham and his comrades developed the concept of a web defence against blitzkrieg, combining strongpoints manned by regular troops with a territorial defence in between. The Home Guard 'may not hold against strong and concentrated enemy force', but it could 'delay and weary such forces, aiding our regulars in their counter-attacks, and taking as its special targets the forward units of the enemy forces, and the stragglers . . .' *(The Home Guard Can Fight,* 1941).

BEHIND WINTRINGHAM's strictly military teaching lay the conviction that successful defence against fascist aggression was possible only by advancing the cause of the people on the home front:

> The future of the Home Guard is to be recognised as democracy's answer, and an effective answer, to the Nazi technique of aggression. If we choose only to copy totalitarian methods we shall never catch up or surpass the Nazis. But if we set free and mobilise the initiative of our people in a democratic way, in a way similar to that in which this defensive army of volunteers was raised and trained, I believe we shall find and develop ways of taking the offensive also, new methods of war, which the Nazis are doomed by their ideas and their organisation never to be able to understand or copy (*Picture Post*, 17 May 1941).

As an internationalist, Wintringham also argued that the maximal expansion of the Home Guard would release the bulk of the regular forces for action on the Continent as soon as possible — not in a conventional Second Front, but in support of popular insurrections.

The intervention of Tom Wintringham and the 'Osterley gang' was far from negligible. Through *Picture Post*, a series of Penguin Specials, and a weekly column in the *Daily Mirror*, Wintringham's ideas reached an audience of millions, and were supplemented by articles and books by Hugh Slater, 'Yank' Levy and F. O. Miksche.

The government's original intention had been that the 'local defence volunteers' should not be a combat force. The Osterley campaign certainly helped to secure it this status, and if Nazi invasion had materialised, the role of the Home Guard would have been crucial.

The achievement could have been far greater had the Osterley policies been adopted by the parties of the Left. But the Labour Party had let itself be taken completely in tow by Churchill, while the Communist Party actually worked to sabotage the defence effort until Hitler invaded Russia in June 1941.

The defence debate of today takes place in a completely different context. Yet in the struggle to disentangle our country, and Western Europe as a whole, from its suicidal dependence on nuclear weapons, the Left desperately needs a positive alternative: one that will enable Western Europe to block any Soviet interference in our affairs without presenting any military threat in return. A break with nuclear weapons and the Atlantic alliance would mean either larger and more expensive regular forces, or alternatively a greater degree of popular mobilisation, which is surely the direction in which the Left ought to press. Study of the Swiss militia system, and the Swedish system of territorial defence, is certainly indicated here. But it is also worthwhile to pay attention to those rare writers and activists, such as Tom Wintringham, who have sought to develop a democratic defence policy in our own past history.

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Midlands Diary

☐It did really look as if we might have seen an eyeball to eyeball confrontation this Monday between Thatcher, her Ministers and the besieged Midlands industrialists. Feeling their screams for help were still falling on deaf ears, an ad hoc group of people, including the Institute of Directors, the West Midlands County Council, long lists of individual businessmen and some members of the Midlands CBI, got together informally and planned a meeting to which Thatcher and Co. would be invited (one firm kindly offered to pay for a coach for them to come down from London). The idea was not that they should parrot what they had said so many times before, but that they should *listen* to what was happening the other side of Watford. It is still hoped such a meeting will take place — sometime. Why not now? According to one of its more cynical members, the Midlands CBI decided to march the other way: 'They still seem to think they carry real clout when they go in and out and see Ministers even when they are just told to go away as nothing can be done.' In spite of what is happening they are *still* frightened to be seen overtly opposing Government policies and they have also been told that if they are Very, Very Good the Prime Minister will try and drop interest rates by four points by Christmas. Whether or not any benefit would come from such a confrontation is another thing but such a timorous attitude in the face of such an appalling situation is hardly likely to do the reputation of the organisation any good, even with those it purports to represent.

☐There is no doubt many industrialists do not share the views of Midlands CBI. The following quote is from Paul Tapscott, chairman of Laurence Scott Ltd: 'Industry is fast becoming a Mad Hatter's Tea Party. "We must all make ourselves more productive and more efficient," said the Mad Hatter, "that means we must produce more, in less time, for customers without work to buy with money they haven't got and can't afford to borrow." "Rubbish", yelled the Blue Queen, rushing along the M3 with her foot on the brake and her discarded corset jamming the accelerator, 'who needs industry?" '

☐One company which wanted to show the Government just how well the Midlands can take it has been left with egg all over its face. Hearing that Lord Trenchard, the Industry Minister, was going to spend a day with the Aldridge and Brownhills Conservative Association at the end of last week, Roy Green, Sales Manager of RAB Production Ltd, decided he would cash in on the visit. So he invited the Minister to visit his factory and widely circulated all the local papers and television companies asking them along to report the visit. When they arrived they found there was just one tiny point Mr Green had forgotten. His factory is now on a three-day week and this was one of the non-working days. The Minister duly arrived and was shown empty rooms with machines standing under covers and never a worker in sight. The press tramped dismally around the echoing spaces accompanied by the embarrassed management of RAB and members of the Conservative Association who had not even known that any firms in their area were on a three-day week. 'We had just looked for a bit of free publicity,' said Mr Green wistfully. Lord Trenchard said he was most interested to see the recession at first hand.

☐The visual differences between the still wealthy South and the crumbling Midlands are becoming very striking. The first time the queue of able-bodied people cashing giro cheques on dole day stretched from inside our local Post Office right down the street, people stood and stared. Not any more. In the towns and cities the July Sale notices, now faded from red to pink, are still there and 'sales' are still going on. A bizarre note is creeping into some stores where tawdry Christmas decorations are joining the other bargains. The chain stores are now eerily silent on what used to be the busiest day of the week, Saturday, the racks of clothing regarded by only a handful of shoppers. Good, large joints of meat lie unsold on the butchers' slabs at 4 pm on a Saturday afternoon, while the queue at the checkout at Sainsbury's — who sell off their meat cheap at that time — takes three quarters of an hour to get through. The number of boarded-up shops in the smart new shopping precincts is growing — the only beneficiaries seem to be the street traders.

☐British Rail seem determined to make the journey from the Midlands to London as unpleasant as possible. If you want to do a full day's work and arrive by 9 am they charge you double for it — no day returns until after 9.30 out of Midlands stations. Even then the trains are usually late. If you travel from Nuneaton to Euston as I usually do, your train will have lumbered in from the mists of Cumbria or Glasgow. There will be at least six, and sometimes as many as nine, First Class coaches at the front. Half of them will be completely empty and in the rest, a handful of businessmen gaze passionlessly through the windows. At the rear is the accommodation for the peasants, usually about three Second Class coaches. Into these are crammed those working in London for the day, families with kids, ordinary travellers of all kinds and, to make it even more congested, all too often a school party as well. There are rarely enough seats. Occasionally there is a Peasants' Revolt and a number of hardy souls sit down in an empty First Class coach and fight the guard all the way to Euston. It is just as bad on the return journey. Even if British Rail can justify this on the commuter routes — which I very much doubt — however can they justify it on these long distance trains?

☐While businesses crash and the dole queues grow, out in rural Warwickshire and smart Edgbaston life goes on in the same old way and ideas do not change. The letter columns of local papers are full of praise for Maggie from these cosy nooks. Next in popularity is law and order. Herewith an example from R.H. Tandy of Edgbaston writing to the *Birmingham Post* on hooliganism. 'Is it not possible for the Army to augment the police force, and perform the job for which it was created, namely to defend the citizens? Bring in the Army and let them take over completely, but only in those districts where people and property are menaced. There must be a case for regarding the incidents as war, or if that word is too strong, then civil war against authority, in which case the police and civil courts could take a back seat and leave the Army to mete out punishment of its own choice. I feel certain they would relish the task.'

☐You could be forgiven for thinking you had walked through the Looking Glass here when you see the lunatic decisions Government policy has brought about. First, there was Warwick County Council who, concerned at the falling off in the numbers taking school dinners, did not consider reducing the price again to what families could afford but began paying a London advertising agency to design advertisements to go in the press to try and persuade children to buy them once more. Then came the news that some of those council house buyers who had taken advantage of the 'sale of the century' in Birmingham, before Labour regained control of the council in May, are now desperately trying to sell their houses back. The number averaged ten a week and has recently reached sixteen. The reason? Well, said a council spokesman, I suppose you can say there is no longer any such thing as a safe job and any more in the Midlands. Next on the list came the West Midlands County Council who say they may have to pay out over £1m. to private contractors to check the safety of bridges in the area. Tenders have already gone out. Why? Well, cutbacks in staff, following Government demands, mean they no longer have enough men of their own to do the job.

☐The news that a Wolverhampton theatre company was to economise by presenting *Snow White and the Two Dwarfs* (picked up by *This England*) has prompted a number of local suggestions for austerity productions. Leading the field at the moment are *400 Feet Under the Sea, The 101 Nights, The Twenty-Nine Steps, The Two Sisters,* while the Royal Shakespeare Company could offer *The One Gentleman of Verona.*

Judith Cook

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐Several houses on the new Rochford estate at Slough, Berkshire, have been built without back doors and their occupants have to go out of their front doors and climb a fence to garden or hang out washing. The builder, Comben Homes, of Luton, has offered to put in back doors at no cost to residents. — *The Times* (H.G. Body)

☐Cunard said yesterday: 'The passengers did not suffer, in so far as the catering staff and entertainers are not involved in the strike. They have been enjoying all the facilities of the cruise. They were just not moving anywhere.' — *Guardian* (B.P. Keane)

☐Territorial Army soldiers are having to pop balloons to simulate battlefield explosions, because of defence cash cuts. — *Daily Telegraph* (D.J. Taylor)

☐The Young Conservatives felt that the provisions for Thanet, and the country, were totally inadequate. Chairman Ian Callaway said the Home Office publication 'Protect and Survive', although useless, should be issued to all households now, rather than distributed in a pre-attack period. — *Isle of Thanet Gazette* (M. Symons)

☐The tone of the meeting was summed up by the comment of one Minister last night: 'They didn't even stand when the Prime Minister entered the room.' — *Financial Times* (D.J.K. Halliday)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

To tax or not to tax

From John Buck

At a time when Vestey has been revealed as an enormous tax evader, a sum of £10,418, plus interest accruing over six months, has been demanded by the Inland Revenue resulting from the sale in April of a £49,000 house. The house was bequeathed to three daughters about ten years ago by their father whose careful, solicitor-drawn-up will aimed to be fair to all of them. It was left to the ownership of all three, but the youngest, being unmarried, was to continue to live there as long as she wished. Tragically she died earlier this year, leaving her share to her sisters. She 'is deemed to have been in possession' of the whole property, hence the tax on the inheritors.

They would most willingly have given this sum to St Christopher's Hospice where she was happy and cherished at the end of her life. They would cheerfully agree to the sum being used for state health or education. They bitterly resent its use to aid 'defence' which will assuredly kill five grandchildren.

11 Coombe Road, Otford, Kent

Right of reply

From Harold Best

As a member of EETPU and reader of the NS, I was pleased to see (NS 10 October) Brother Chapple's correction of Patrick Wintour's misleading terminology in relation to the question of appointed rather than elected officials. However, there is no substantial response to the main thrust of Wintour's article.

I find it interesting that Brother Chapple should interpret Wintour's concerned account of the EETPU's recent history as an attack on the union since any attempt to shed light on areas of darkness should be welcomed — witness Brother Chapple's publicly expressed concern about the suppression of information in totalitarian states. I wish he showed a similar generosity to dissidents within our own union's journal, *Contact*, which he edits. An article by him in September 1976 attacked some elected Executive Council members, one of whom — myself — had recently been a candidate for the General Secretaryship in opposition to Brother Chapple. He said: 'The policies advocated . . . would inexorably return us to the corrupt and contemptible regime of which we rid this union 16 years ago.' NS readers will have noticed that Brother Chapple's style is somewhat more muscular than Patrick Wintour's, but that he does not feel the need to justify his statements by old-fashioned recourse to facts. One fact is that, unlike editor Chapple, I was never at any time associated with the policies of the union 16 or more years ago. NS readers will no doubt be surprised to learn that my reply and others were not published in *Contact*, despite a repeated request.

Proper and fully informed consultation with the mass membership is, of course, vital to union democracy and activists have always been few. But it should be remembered that trade unions were in the first place formed by 'activists' and activists ensure our continued existence. Brother Chapple, with a long history of activism behind him, should know that without 'activi ts' there would be no trade unions for the rank and file to belong to. When he says that he is prepared to 'oppose' small groups of activists using union funds for (unnamed) 'Trotskyist' causes, he is really saying he will oppose properly arrived at decisions of constitutionally elected branch representatives when he finds them disagreeable. His distaste for a handful of people 'claiming to speak for 3,000' does not appear to extend to his own use of a block vote of hundreds of thousands of votes at the Labour Party Conference or TUC. For example, a referendum of the EETPU members came out two to one against entry into the EEC, but Brother Chapple has not hesitated to cast our vote at various conferences in favour of the EEC.

I am not aware of any campaign to return to branch voting, as claimed by Brother Chapple, in the EETPU. Rather, there have been efforts made to have a more careful application of the rules and the spirit of the rules. The letter of the rules is sometimes ambiguous and in need of interpretation. In a number of cases the Executive Council interprets the rules in such a way that 'moderates' find themselves elected. If space permitted I could provide specific instances.

Finally, Brother Chapple omitted to mention that the system of appeals he so rightly celebrates works only in matters of discipline. There is no method of appeal against the Executive Council's decisions on any other important matter. The initiative of the Executive Council in having the independent TUC-appointed committee hear appeals resulted from a union conference rejection of another EC initiative — to have half their number act as judge and jury and half as an independent appeals committee.

63 St Michael's Lane, Leeds 6

Alternatives to doomsday

From Dorothy Thompson & Jolyon Howorth

In the belief that people outside the ranks of professional politicians are more concerned with the dangers of nuclear war than with scoring debating points, a group of academics from various disciplines and 25 universities and polytechnics met recently in Birmingham to exchange views on the possibilities of working for a nuclear-free zone in Europe.

We agreed to start working with colleagues in Britain and other parts of West and East Europe and America for the loosening of control by the two super-powers and for resistance to the concept of a 'theatre' nuclear war with Europe as the theatre. We intend to monitor official and other publications, to provide information about nuclear weapons and about scientific and technological developments associated with them and to begin to clear away some of the misinformation, euphemism and distortion which surround the subject. We hope to set up European Nuclear Disarmament groups in the 45 institutions where we already have support and in universities and colleges where we have not yet made contact with our supporters.

19 Princethorpe Close, Shirley, Solihull, West Midlands

From the farmer's point of view

From Martin Wilkinson

In 'Public Money and Private Vandalism' (NS 10 October) you are foddering your readers with an artificial swill purporting to be an analysis of farming affairs. The author ignored business costs, surely not wise in a time of recession when costs are rising faster than incomes, and nowhere faster than in the agricultural industry.

The 'certain knowledge of market and price' to which she referred may have obtained in 1947 but is meaningless 33 years later. The uncertainties of the weather and of natural processes have far more effect on costs and returns than any artificially imposed structure. The whole apparatus of grants and subsidies (leaving aside certain areas of undoubted bureaucratic inefficiency and waste) exists in order to provide food that people can afford. Subsidies and grants make up shortfalls; they are in no way, as your author suggests, a bonanza. As she rightly says, 'a farm will absorb limitless amounts of money'.

To pillory farmers as destroyers of landscapes, favoured criminals, rent and rebate scroungers, ryegrass hooligans, wildlife destroyers and moorland vandals (have you ever picnicked in a National Parks 'picnic area'?) is invidious but to pretend that farmers use subsidies solely for the gratification of their lust for money is untrue and unjust.

Cwm Farm, Clunton, Craven Arms, Salop.

Asian sub-nations

From Albert Briggs

Christopher Hitchens marred his review of *Armenia* (NS 3 October) by his superfluous aside about Armenia being 'a lone example of Soviet nationality policy deserving gratitude'. Whatever may be said about Soviet policies in Eastern Europe, their success in Asia is quite remarkable. Next to Armenia is Soviet Azerbaijan whose inhabitants are in every way better off than their compatriots in Iran. In all the Central Asian republics literacy and health standards are at Western European levels. The Tadzhik of Soviet Central Asia live in a state where their own language is the officially recognised language of the republic, a privilege their compatriots in Afghanistan have never enjoyed. In addition Soviet Tadzhiks enjoy a literacy rate of over 95 per cent and a life expectancy of 70 years as against 5 per cent literacy and less than 50 years life expectancy for Afghans. Such asides as Christopher Hitchens's contain misinformation which can only serve to reinforce the cold war mentality.

57 Elmslie Point, Ackroyd Drive, London E3

Canada's example

From A. R. Burge, Director of Public Affairs, Atomic Energy of Canada Ltd

I can hardly let Professor Martin's letter (NS 1 August) pass unanswered. There is a danger that your readers may assume that he is in possession of some authoritative information on the relationship between Canada and Argentina in nuclear affairs. Nothing could be further from the truth. In fact, his revelations closely parallel accusations made in *Today* magazine. The article in question is the subject of a complaint by my Corporation to the Ontario Press Council.

Professor Martin disregards the facts that: (1) The Canadian reactor being built at Embalse in Argentina is subject both to International Atomic Energy Agency safeguards and to a bilateral agreement between Canada and Argentina concluded in 1976; (2) Argentina has signed the Tlatelolco Treaty (designed to create a weapon-free zone in Latin America) and has consistently declared its development of atomic energy to be directed solely to peaceful purposes; (3) Since the signing of the Embalse contract in 1973, there has been an almost continuous series of negotiations between Canada and Argentina designed to strengthen the safeguards aspect of this agreement.

Ottawa, Canada K1A 0S4

Market place points

From Kenneth Brown

I was (pleasantly) surprised at your reservations on Labour's commitment to withdraw from the EEC. The distasteful aspect (to a socialist) of the whole argument is that it has been entirely based on arguments of nationalism and the narrowest self-interest. The EEC is unique in the whole history of the world in that first six, then nine and soon twelve nations are willing to delegate part of their sovereignty without the threat of external force. In this sense the European Court of Justice is unprecedented. One could understand Tories finding it distasteful, but socialists should surely welcome it. It is dishonest to talk vaguely of 'internationalism' while attacking this one small limitation on nationalist anarchy.

49 Whaley Lane, Whaley Bridge, Stockport

From Peter Johnston

Ernest Wistrich (NS letters 17 October) cites 'recent polls' which show support for further European integration. It is almost always possible to find somewhere a poll which can be interpreted as support for one's deeply held views. The views which Mr Wistrich cites may be popular among the Gucci pro-marketeers of NW3; they are nowhere in evidence up here. In common with other sceptics I doubt whether 'pulling out' is quite the easy option people seem to believe. But it is one thing to maintain a considered scepticism, and quite another for pro-marketeers to claim massive popular support for their idiosyncratic views.

8 Kendal Road, Bolton, Lancs

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Arthur Marshall

Signal failure

One sometimes notices things much more sharply when, paradoxically, they aren't there any more and, musing the other day about various matters as I, expecting lunch guests and unmindful of self, prepared an apple charlotte (let me recommend a pound of Lane's Prince Albert which suit it perfectly, coupled with, and layered with, a mixture of 4 oz of sugar, 3 of breadcrumbs and 2 each of suet and butter, the butter to be applied in dabs, a toothsome recipe which comes to us by involuntary courtesy of Pears Cyclopaedia, 1953 edition), I asked myself what on earth has happened, in motoring circles, to hand signals. They apparently exist no more but twenty or so years ago everybody was at it and flapping wildly ('I am stopping'. 'I am turning left'. 'Kindly pass') and you could always tell a Learner Driver, not merely by the L plates but by the tremendous elaboration and conscientiousness of his signals, arm right out of the car and wrist fully flexible, not unlike a wonky gentleman saying 'But my *dear*!'. Anxious to solve the riddle, and as soon as my charlotte was completed (I forgot to say lemon juice. Slosh it on), I rang a reputable Exeter School of Motoring and a kind lady (on the switchboard, I fancy, but fully au fait with the very latest in motorcraft) informed me that hand signals were still being taught and were there, all ready, 'if needed'. No legal compulsion to use them, it seems, and indeed if there were, every motorist would be arrested for negligence 89 times a day.

By the same token (and I always find that a gracious phrase like that one, with an old-fashioned and courtly ring to it, helps one's prose along simply no end), I fell to asking myself what those flashing headlights signify when one vast jumbo lorry passes another. Sometimes it is just the one flash, but sometimes it is a jerky series of light explosions reminiscent of the Morse Code, invented by the American, Samuel Morse (information again by courtesy of Pears, such a stand-by for those short on facts) and some time in the mid-nineteenth century. Are the lorry gentlemen urging each other along ('Oh well *driven*!') and arranging to meet for late supper? Is it perhaps 'How's the wife and nippers?' Possibly some of them are more artistically-minded than appearances and their arduous calling might suggest and the jerky flashes mean 'There's Scarlatti on Radio 3', or 'Who does your hair-styling?' or 'Isn't Dali the complete and absolute *end*!'

Motorists have, of course, cleverly invented a signal of their very own (and who on earth began it? It's like those inventors of Stock Exchange Jokes, and we shall never know) and one which is, I assume, illegal and would certainly be taught by no instructor. It is a valuable signal and it means two things, one pretty well the opposite of the other. I refer to the suddenly illuminated, in daylight, headlamp. This is now in frequent use on long straight stretches of road and is a reprimand given by an approaching car to somebody who has overtaken when there wasn't really room. This single flash says much: 'Now, that was very reckless and dangerous of you, was it not, and I only hope that the lady beside you and in the charming hat is your wife and is going to give you a sensational wigging all the way back to Biggleswade.' On more agreeable occasions, the flash is used to welcome into the main stream of traffic a car waiting patiently in a town's side-street. Here, too, it says so much: 'Do come on in as I have done my shopping and am in no sort of hurry and I expect you've still got to get to Sainsbury's and the Co-op and then join Bimbo in the Rising Sun for a quickie.'

And speaking of signals and wishing to raise the tone a little after the mention of Drink, what about 'Ships that pass in the night', written by Henry Wadsworth (such solid and suitable names) Longfellow, and how many of you honestly thought, as I did until I looked it up, that it was Kipling? The poet added that the ships 'speak each other in passing; only a signal shown and a distant voice in the darkness' and, being Longfellow, he presses on with a gloomy reference to the same sort of thing always happening to human beings on 'the ocean of life' — distant sightings and feeble shouts and then nothing. Rubbish! A good many of the ships that, in life, one has sighted and hailed have slowed down and put out their fenders, or whatever those rope and cord anti-bump things are called, preparatory to coming alongside and, in friendly fashion, letting down their gangways. But trust him to have taken the dreariest view.

I suppose that one of the most apparently anti-social ships in history was the *Californian* which, hove to in Atlantic ice in 1912 and on a night that it is impossible to forget, did absolutely nothing about a very large liner which, also halted and relatively close (7 or 8 miles, it seems), appeared to be sending up distress rockets and adopting an unusual angle in the water, before vanishing altogether. To add yet another to the great Ifs of history, what, one wonders, would have happened if the *Titanic's* Captain Smith had, the moment the ship struck the iceberg at 11.40 p.m., lowered a boat manned by the ship's toughest rowers and had ordered them to make, hell for leather, for the *Californian,* whose lights were visible across the totally calm sea? What speed could a ship's boat, with desperate men at the oars, make through the water? Eight knots, perhaps? They might have reached the *Californian* by, say, 1 a.m. The Titanic had still an hour and twenty minutes to live, time enough, surely, for the *Californian*, even with reduced steam and speed, to arrive on the scene and rescue some of those in the water (it was, they say, the icy cold rather than drowning that did for so many who had had to opt for the sea). There are those who defend, for this or that reason, the *Californian*'s captain, but he does, at the very least, seem to have been rather lacking in curiosity.

The facts about the disaster continue to be both bizarre and endlessly fascinating (Terry Coleman's admirable *The Liners* has already been welcomed to these pages). Some of them are almost beyond belief (the look-out in the bows had no binoculars). Then there was the gym instructor who, for there was electrical power to the end, tried to get passengers' minds onto something less agitating than the ever increasing slope of the decks by encouraging them to ride the gym's electric horses. At the evening service (disaster day was a Sunday, for those who like to make something of it), the Rev. Carter had chosen as the hymn 'For Those in Peril on the Sea' but thought it prudent, after the Blessing, to remind the congregation of the splendid steadiness and safety of the ship. It is not at all widely known that the *Titanic* was licensed to carry 3,547 people and was therefore nothing like full (2,201 persons on board), thus avoiding an even more appalling number of deaths and making the completely inadequate lifeboats seem even more disgraceful.

As is perhaps remembered, my admiration for Americans is boundless, but I do have to say that when they go in for bad taste, they do it in a very big way. In 1972 and on the sixtieth anniversary of the tragedy, the 300 members of the Titanic Enthusiasts of America saluted the happy event in various ways. One of them was to build a four foot model of the *Titanic,* together with a papier-mâché iceberg, and float both on a pond. The model was radio-controlled and the idea was to guide it into the iceberg and achieve a sinking. But strong winds defeated the enterprise and, so as not to disappoint onlookers, the ship was scuttled by blowing a hole in her side by remote control. While all this was going on, a Californian fun party was in progress in and around two lifeboats labelled TITANIC. 'Boat drill scheduled to start at eight o'clock' ran the invitation, '1912 attire required'. And there has, more recently, been a sick joke on the subject. 'What did the Gilbert and Sullivan fan sing as the *Titanic* went down?' Give up? 'I've Got a Little List'.

Roger Woddis

The danger of freedom

'The concept of a party electoral college electing the future Prime Minister of this country, and no doubt subjecting him to annual re-election once he has achieved office, is fundamentally at odds with British parliamentary democracy.' — Sunday Times.

Worse than the fears of childhood,
Worse than the horrors of hell
(Bosch drew a charming picture,
Compared to the story we tell),
Looms a satanic empire,
With Lucifer's banners unfurled:
A party electoral college
May well mean the end of the world.

Let every honest member
Gird up his loins for the fray!
Turn back the tide of Blackpool,
Parliament rules OK!
Wise are the ways of the shepherd,
Meek are the sheep in the fold:
Those who adore their leader
Do as they're damn well told.

After the usual questions,
One still remains to be put:
Who is prepared to stomach
A Silkin, a Shore or a Foot?
Send out a call for Healey,
Who's clever and modest and brave;
He's ready to show who's master,
And who should be abject slave.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

David Caute

The World and the Word

Earthly Powers by ANTHONY BURGESS *Hutchinson* £6.95

Earthly Powers marks Anthony Burgess's triumphant ascent from the prodigal (lavish or recklessly wasteful) to the prodigious. In this marvellous epic an overflowing talent has at last been called to order. After 25 novels, nine literary studies, not to mention translations, librettos, film scenarios, symphonies and countless verses tossed off with apparently protean ease, Burgess has read the Riot Act in his Tower of Babel and imposed on himself a necessary exorcism. Though Puck still pokes his head, and despite the occasional mischievous dance round the fires of etymology and wordgamesmanship, the man has at least pinned down the boy.

The novel takes the form of an autobiography. Its narrator is an octogenarian (born 1890) novelist called Kenneth (prefers Ken) Toomey — to get his level, imagine Maugham, or Compton Mackenzie, with perhaps a touch of Nevile Shute. He has made a great deal of money, worldwide, packs few literary pretentions and — shrewd move by Burgess — has little taste for the style of writing which gives the reader the impression of ploughing through an unseen translation in a half-learnt language. He could never, for example, have written *A Clockwork Orange;* nor would he attempt the rebarbative verbal revenge that Burgess's hero Enderby hurled at mute brutishness in *The Clockwork Testament*. Encountering three malchicks bent on tolchoking peaceful travellers on a Manhattan subway train, Enderby/Burgess hits back: 'Their hair belonged to some middle crinal zone between aseptic nord and latinindian jet-walled lousehouse.' (The point being, I suppose, that they have the muscle but we have the words.) Contrast this with poor, aged Ken Toomey's battering by four Roman youths:

> They were generic modern youth, with much hair, good teeth, mindless eyes, slim loins, strong fists. . . They could find a pretext for this violence if they sought not too hard: my age, their youth; my wealth, their poverty; my despicable foreignness despite the correct Italian vowels I uttered in words like *perche*? and *basta*.

For all its richness of expression, Toomey's narrative remains emotionally dripdry. Aloof and sardonic, he looks back on his century, and his own performance, with a sour grimace.

Yet Toomey takes care to be on hand whenever time is converting itself into history. He spends the first world war shamefully scribbling in a Baron's Court flat (weak heart) but partly redeems himself by writing entertaining plays. To America for Prohibition; to Italy for Fascism and the Concordat; to Germany for the Third Reich; to Hollywood for Hollywood; to post-war American campuses for the horrors of the alternative society — Toomey was there. With a fine sense of timing he contrives to be outside a Nazi cinema at the very moment when his sister's mother-in-law attempts to shoot Heinrich Himmler. Toomey instinctively gives a shove to HH, who flops into Goebbels, who flops into Goering. An SS man gallantly shoots the old lady down, whereupon a grateful Himmler turns to Toomey: 'Wie kann ich meine Dankbarkeit aussprechen?'

One doesn't believe a word of it. Later Toomey innocently stumbles into Austria, on a clandestine mission to rescue a Jewish Nobel Prize winner, at the moment war is declared. To get out rather than suffer internment the novelist anticipates P.G. Wodehouse and gives a less-than-patriotic interview on German radio, thereby reinforcing his ironic self-contempt and once again skipping any kind of war service. Yet six years later, believe it or not, Churchill decides to teach Toomey a lesson and despatches him to liberated

Buchenwald to write a book about Nazi camps for His Majesty's Stationery Office. Once again our man is conveniently there. With fate so kindly buying all the tickets, no need to go begging to the Sunday papers.

Toomey's view of the world is consistently one of patrician recoil. The artist stubbornly pursues his craft wherever good food and wine coincide with sunshine and, if possible, sex, turning the world into the word while fastidiously disdaining any unbridled enthusiasm, any commitment. Nor does he accord his fellow artists a special indulgence; a long line of cultural grandees are set up for bitchy deflation — Henry James absurd, Kipling ridiculous, Wells a 'satyromaniac', Maynard Keynes 'trying to turn himself into a heterosexual with a ballet dancer', James Agate 'a well known sodomite', on and on. Only when the beloved James Joyce flashes across the screen of memory (the equally beloved WS is of course *hors de combat*) does the de-laundering of artistic vanity lapse guiltily.

Toomey trusts no human unit larger than one — and the artist, the writer, however ridiculous his pretensions, however vulgar his skills, however base his money-grubbing, does share with God the ultimate integrity of working alone. At least he can preserve a kind of truth by defending language itself against the vile, philistine depredations of the armies of righteousness — revivalist sects, militant women, ghastly youths, blacks bogusly rooting for their roots.

The theme is a familiar one. Cornered in *vino veritas* on the Sperr Lansing Show in *The Clockwork Testament,* Enderby blurts out: 'People always blame art and literature for their own evil. Or other people's. Art only imitates life. Evil's already there, original sin.' Which brings us, in a sense, to the main theme of *Earthly Powers.* French on his mother's side himself a lapsed (almost) Catholic, Toomey enters into a lifelong relationship through friendship, artistic collaboration and his sister's marriage to the Campanati family, one of whose sons — adopted, as it transpires — is the earthy, ambitious, whisky-loving gambling priest Carlo. Fond of food (indulged) and of the flesh (rigorously suppressed), Carlo is a soldier of the Church Militant, employing prayers, wits and sometimes a handy pair of fists to thwart the eternal machinations of the Prince of Darkness.

Carlo's faith, his exorcisms, his exemplary courage provide Toomey with a constant temptation to re-enter the comforting womb of the Church. But if one chooses Pelagius (and Carlo) rather than Augustine, if one grants free will to man, then two burdensome doubts linger: is evil really the work of the Devil rather than a facet of man himself?; and does a man require the intervention of the Church in order to reject evil? Burgess himself made it clear in *A Clockwork Orange* that the re-habilitation of the young thug Alex by 'Ludovico's Technique' — associational conditioning under hypnosis and drugs — was a cure more abominable than the disease; 'Is a man who chooses the bad in some way better than the man who has the good imposed upon him?' ponders Alex's prison chaplain. But the sceptical Toomey might well wonder whether the Church itself, by its claim to monopolise

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powers of redemption, is not as dependent on the Devil as lawyers on crime.

Here, perhaps, one finds the best explanation for Burgess's infliction upon Toomey of an insurmountable, yet bitterly accepted, pederasty. Carlo, appalled by the unprocreative spilling of seed — there is no malnutrition in Heaven — turns a stubbornly blind eye to Toomey's abhorrent condition, thus driving the stricken novelist to identify his sexual deviance (Havelock Ellis puts in a brief, comic appearance here) as no fault of his own, or the Devil's either, no sin, nothing to be ashamed of.

But neither the Church nor the world will ever let him rest easy about that. In an episode of great comic power young Ken picks up a feckless English baronet in Monaco. Yielding against his better judgment to his desire not to let Sir Dick Bart out of his clutches, Toomey takes the 'puffpuff' with him to Nice where the pair soon embroil themselves in Le Crampon with roistering matelots wearing their hats like haloes. Later Sir Dick flits off to bugger a drunken sailor in a sidestreet, buttons up swiftly when an angry navy pursues, and disappears with long, expert strides, leaving poor Ken, guilty only of an erection, to face the hospitalisation. Returning home a week later, Toomey is enraged to discover his young sister Hortense in bed with his musical friend Domenico Campanati, brother of Carlo. Hortense mocks her brother's pompous display of moral indignation, cruelly rubbing his nose in his own hypocrisy — she has learned about the so-called 'sin of Onan' in her convent. But the gut factor in the whole episode is not Toomey's double standards, of whch he is painfully aware; it is that Domenico has robbed him of his last chance of joining the ranks of the sexually 'normal' through incest with his virgin sister. 'Homosexuality' derives not from 'homo' (man) but from 'homos' (the same); Hortense's 'otherness', her femininity, is mitigated, eased, by the fact that brother and sister are chips off the same block. With her alone could the bridge have been crossed.

Hortense marries Domenico leaving Ken stranded for life. To rub in the pain Burgess sends Toomey to an earlier Malaya than the Emergency-torn colony depicted in *Time for a Tiger* and *Beds in the East*. Here he falls in love with an innocent young doctor, 'brown and pared' with speckled blue eyes. Trouble inevitably follows. 'The point is,' the District Officer tells Toomey in the club bar, 'that people are talking.' Toomey reacts defensively, ingratiatingly (painful to read), explaining that he's in Malaya to write a novel about Sir Stamford Raffles and can most willingly produce affidavits of good character from the Colonial Secretary and the Sultan. The baiting continues; Toomey hits back, the clubmen close round him with debagging in mind, he seizes an empty glass, then leaves the club shaking with rage.

The Devil now reappears and in his wake the itinerant priest Carlo, both bent on undermining Toomey's hesitant humanism. A Tamil called Mahalingam lays a curse on Toomey's beloved Dr Shawcross, wasting his body into deep coma and twisting the victim's features into a permanent 'rictus of amusement, sardonic' — at which juncture the ventriloquist Burgess abruptly betrays his dummy and the novel itself with a brief but fatal reversion to bad habits: 'sardonic', Burgess has to tell us, might mean either 'grinning like a dog or sour-faced after the eating of an astringent plant of Sardinia. . .' Forget and forgive. Enter now the Exorcist Carlo, the future Pope Gregory XVII, firing Latin at the Devil within Mahalingam: 'seductor hominum . . . incitator invidiae. . .' The priest also kicks the Tamil's shins but to no avail. Dr Shawcross's death is worth a Mass. Ken Toomey must face a loveless future, without faith.

Private courage he possesses but he shrinks from any public association with his fellow pederasts. When his signature is solicited in 1929 on behalf of Radclyffe Hall's banned apologia for lesbianism, *Well of Loneliness*, his refusal reminds one of André Gide: it was 'a bad book'. But some two decades later he gathers his courage to appear in court in defence of a former lover's poems which celebrate feelings of carnal love between Jesus and *all 12*(!) disciples; at the same time Toomey publicly affirms his own homosexuality for the first time.

Yet Toomey's dislike of his own kind — hissing, camping, simpering, a gallery of queens bitching and backbiting with an eye to the main chance — never abates. In his old age he buys a sour happiness, a succession of male secretary-companions who sleep with him, milk him, mock his aloof British manners, then rob him and leave him. Camp followers, indeed: 'Are you sure, Ralph, you won't get into mischief in the kasbah or somewhere?' This particular black American takes off to serve a ruthless and atavistic African 'revolutionary republic' — then glides comfortably into a Columbia University instructorship teaching Black Studies.

How horrid, all these ugly enthusiasms, these banal and destructive good causes. We have come full circle to poor Enderby, not least when the priest Carlo, now Pope in the earthy style of John XXII, democratically appears on an NBC prime-time talk show to face the nation's repellently ignorant spotty kids in jeans. Generous Burgess is not. But ideological complaints are of no avail. Be he the bard of the counter-counter culture, an unashamedly bourgeois individualist and all that, Burgess has written a novel epic in its sweep, subtle in its portraiture, graceful in its unforbidding exploration of ideas, and brutally funny. At £6.95 it's a bargain; if you wait for the paperback edition you may damage your eyes.

Michael Hofmann

Foreign Affairs

Relations had been cooling for some time.
To the extent that visas were introduced
bilaterally. Also currency requirements
and other fiscal wrangles. Tourism dropped.
The 'open frontier' was virtually closed.
Only the most naive schoolbooks stayed loyal.

To counteract these disturbing developments,
(it was the anniversary of the popular river-
frontier) twin sets of officials slowly
approached each other on the main bridge.
Transfiguring long-distance smiles, and then
a chaos of handshakes and diplomatic kisses.

Senile leads in a narcissistic pageant.

THIS WEEK

Wilhelm von Humboldt

*

Hitler's British supporters

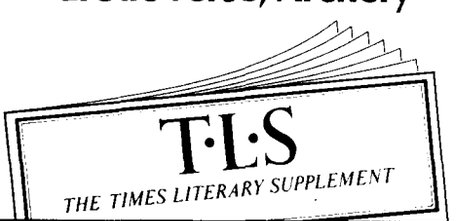
*

The case for Lamarckism

*

Clement Greenberg as critic

**A new prose Homer; Erica Jong's 'Fanny';
Erotic verse; Archery**



Every Friday 40p

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Pierre Joris

Debray Chez Lui

L' Espérance au Purgatoire by RÉGIS DEBRAY *Alain Moreau, Paris*

'I detest journalists but revere journalism. I refuse the title of journalist but claim its quality . . . Journalism is not my profession but my curse . . .' Thus Régis Debray in the introduction to his collection of articles entitled *Hope in Purgatory*, one of two books by him published earlier this year. The book is divided into two main sections: 'French Circumstances' and 'South American Circumstances'. The earliest piece, 'I saw Cuba learning to read', dates from 1962, when Debray was in his early twenties; the most recent one, published in 1979, is a report on the Sixth Conference of non-aligned countries held in Havana that year. His perennial concern with South America thus frames — and to some extent overshadows, in sheer quantity as well as importance — his French concerns.

Those articles demonstrate once again that Debray is one of the most brilliant, if not the most brilliant, commentator on South American political affairs. The September '79 article on the aftermath of the victorious Nicaraguan revolution is by far the best analysis of the political situation and of the ideological choices confronting that country I've read so far.

The pieces dealing with France were all written between 1973, the date of Debray's return from South America, and March 1978, when the left-wing parties were defeated in the parliamentary elections. Although less weighty than the South American articles, they are interesting on two counts. Firstly, for his response to attacks from the far left who interpreted his support of the (unhappily short-lived) 'Union de la Gauche' as treasonable in view of his revolutionary past. How could the man who had left France to stand at the Che's side in the Bolivian jungle now sidle up to as dubious a political figure as Mitterand? Debray's answer is, on the one hand, a caustic castigation of those ultra-leftist French salon-revolutionaries who, he says, gloat over a poster of a pin-up, romanticised a dead Che, while dismissing the efforts 'of a live Castro, in charge of a country, making alliances, and busying himself — oh shame — with matters of productivity, with cement factories and sugar cane'. On the other hand it is a clear and sharp lesson in Real politik: France is governed by 'a bourgeoisie which by now has lost even its bourgeois morality and values', a bunch of adipose paunches it is essential to defeat at any costs (he calls it 'a question of human dignity', 'an enterprise of public hygiene'). Given that 'revolution is within grasp only once or twice a century', that 'there is presently no revolutionary situation in France' where the only road to power is the electoral road, one's best bet is to back the left-wing coalition.

This stance certainly does not imply an uncritical allegiance to the left's 'joint programme' by Debray, who, among other things, sharply criticises the Socialist Party's lack of a strongly formulated anti-imperialist policy. His position is lucid and well-argued and draws on his experience in Chile (where he lived between his release from a Bolivian jail and his eventual return to France) to show how the far left is unable to organise the masses and how a valid strategy for seizing power can only be worked out inside an organised workers' movement.

All of Debray's articles backing the left coalition are from 1973 and 1974. The next one is dated 29 September, 1977 — six days after the negotiations on the left's joint programme broke down. Here lies the second point of interest of these pieces, in that the remaining articles foreshadow the direction Debray's work has followed since then. The first piece is an analysis of what he calls the left's century-old *névrose obsessionnelle* with elaborating and signing political programmes. He discusses this obsession in quasi-psychoanalytical terms, referring to a 'religious fantasm' and to a 'juridical fantasm'. Why, he asks, this obsession with the Text? Because the left's original project wants men to pass from a history inflicted upon them to a history they consciously master, it is in the left's nature to define that project in an objective, coherent and verifiable programme — something capitalism has no need of. But, he goes on to say, over the last 20 years our society has moved from 'It's true, I've read it in the paper', to 'It's true, I've seen it on the telly'. According to Debray, television plays into the hands of the right because the right has understood that TV is 'not so much a technique, but an ideology, their own'. But 'the left has not yet understood that major phenomenon and still imagines that it can use television without first being used by it'.

Since the writing of those few pieces concerned with television, Debray has completed a two-volume *Treatise on Mediology*, now awaiting publication. He is one of the finest journalists working — even if a reluctant one. In his work there is no sign of the luke-warm, ironic distancing often falsely labelled 'objectivity' of so much that passes for reporting. His writing is polemical — from *polemos*, the fight: 'As a journalist I never write *about* but *against* — someone or myself.' He acknowledges his deeply ambiguous stance towards journalism: 'I don't like myself as a journalist,' says on the one hand the bourgeois intellectual *écrivain*, dreaming of Flaubertian seclusion and finely honed prose and despising the hack whose hurried commentaries find a precarious home on that most perishable of cultural commodities, newsprint. And that assessment is echoed by 'the sacrificial militant', who does not like the 'witnesses of their times, those impostors', who always seem to arrive when the fight is over, lost or won, 'who live history by proxy', phoning in their reports between two whiskies without ever leaving the local Hilton. But he is also aware that journalism, 'his curse', fulfills a "cardinal function . . . in that it implies an *instant* relation, without filtre or safety net, with the empirical event'. The writer, theoritician or academic critic, can indulge in black or white distinctions and attempt to play god, but 'there is journalism because there are shady, grey areas and because we are not god . . . No knowledge is able to exhaust an actual event in advance. Journalism lives precisely from the tension between the attainments of knowledge and the unforeseen of experience.' It is the friction of those two poles that provides the spark of successful journalistic writings, a spark that Debray has ignited on many occasions.

Judy Cooke

You Name It

Fanny by ERICA JONG *Granada* £6.95

Who's afraid of Erica Jong? Well I was a bit, to begin with, and I'm scared stiff now, having read *Fanny*. A theme that repels, a length that appals (498 pages), a prose style that races through the consciousness like damp cotton wool: Jong is a force to be reckoned with, all right, a Reagan among novelists.

Her latest entertainment is beautifully printed and presented. It has a subtitle, chapter headings, a list of *dramatis personae* and an advertisement selling the heroine's 'initiation as a witch, her travels with the merry men, her life in the brothel, her London high life, her slaving voyage, her life as a female pyrate, her eventual unravelling of her destiny, et cetera'. It comes with a bookmark, a photograph of the author and pre-publication reviews by Henry Fielding and James Boswell. Should this sound fun, be warned; it's a pale pastiche, a mock mock-epic that lacks bite and at times reads more like Cartland than Cleland. When Fanny arrived in the city 'Fine Ladies stepp'd out of Sedan Chairs to be greeted by bowing and scraping shop clerks'. When Fanny returned to her ancestral home 'the Staff seemed much reduced; one Chambermaid was sent to bring water'.

Yes, yes, but what about the sex? Does the book resemble *Fanny Hill*? In the amount of blood spilt, yes and more so; in other respects, not at all. It's cold, hygienic, an illustrated Kinsey in which every organ is anatomised except the heart. Forty lines are devoted to synonyms for Fanny's fanny; six suffice to describe her eventual bedding with bisexual, brotherly Lancelot, best friend and true love. Along the way there's incest, rape, mutilation, a lesbian gang bang, prostitution, coprophilia, younameit — and every sentence is peppered with capitals, which makes it Rilly Quaint.

The text originated in Ms Jong's freshman year at Barnard (she admits as much in the appendix). Given the option of presenting 'a footnoted, scholarly paper' or a shot at creative writing, she chose the latter and turned in an imitation of Alexander Pope. That was way back; ever since, she has been itching to celebrate the 18th century in novel form but waited 'until I knew I was calm enough in my own life to devote myself to the massive research I knew it would require'. She must have put in long hours on *Fanny*; in the circumstances, the book is remarkably free from any cloying taint of scholarship. It may not be erotic but it packs a narrative punch; episode on episode, fluid on fluid, character upon character. Pope, Cleland, Swift and Hogarth appear in person; their voices are indistinguishable, their actions contemptible. Ms Jong is a little anxious about that so she sets the record straight. 'Their entry into the book as comic characters is intended as no slur upon the greatness of their achievements. Swift and Hogarth, in particular, are among the most extraordinary artists the world has ever known.' Narrow squeak there, William. Cool it, Dean.

It is a tribute to the author's unrelenting stamina to say that her work is capable of caus-

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ing much offence to many. Feminists will perhaps smile when they learn that their political activism originated in a cult of the White Goddess; they are less likely to be amused at the book's consistent degradation of women, its gratuitous nastiness, its sadism. If you're pregnant, or have been, or might be, skip the account of caesarian section under laudanum. Babies know how to deal with this sort of material, they read it with their teeth; they may find a colic coming on when they reach the description of Fanny's infant daughter and her 'delectable, diminuitive Arse that invites a mother's kiss'. Men get off fairly lightly; portrayed as brutes, lechers and fools, they are, at least, peripheral to this imagined world. The villains are upstaged by Mrs Coxtart the brothel keeper and Prudence Feral the wet nurse; the rakes are outswaggered by Annie Bonny, Queen of all the Pyrates.

Erotic or emetic, offensive or funny? These things are so much a matter of taste. Readers who enjoyed *Fear of Flying* will certainly get along well with *The True History of the Adventures of Fanny Hackabout-Jones*. I doubt that the book will have much success among admirers of Pope, Gay, Swift, Richardson or Fielding. Wit, elegance, sentiment, charm; the tender evocation of Belinda's hair, Sophia's muff, even Pamela's cherry-trimmed cap; the irony; the tension between the outer world and the inner life: all these qualities seem to have annoyed Erica Jong almost without her knowing it.

Why, therefore, attack Pope and Fielding and everything they stand for while pretending to applaud? Because they pillory vice and folly, I suppose.

Leaving the Burning City

CLIVE WILMER reviews the work of CZESLAW MILOSZ, winner of the 1980 Nobel Prize for Literature

You whom I could not save
Listen to me.
Try to understand this simple speech as I
would be ashamed of another.
I swear, there is in me no wizardry of words.
I speak to you with silence like a cloud or a
tree.

What strengthened me, for you was lethal.
You mixed up farewell to an epoch with the
beginning of a new one,
Inspiration of hatred with lyrical beauty,
Blind force with accomplished shape.

Here is the valley of shallow Polish rivers. And
an immense bridge
Going into white fog. Here is a broken city,
And the wind throws screams of gulls on your
grave
When I am talking with you.

What is poetry which does not save
Nations or people?
A connivance with official lies,
A song of drunkards whose throats will be cut
in a moment,
Readings for sophomore girls.
That I wanted good poetry without knowing it,
That I discovered, late, its salutary aim,
In this and only this I find salvation.

They used to pour on graves millet or
poppyseeds
To feed the dead who would come disguised as
birds.
I put this book here for you, who once lived
So that you should visit us no more.

(*Dedication* — 1945
translated by the author)

Czeslaw Milosz's 'Dedication', written in 1945, is addressed to some unnamed victim of the Warsaw Uprising, perhaps in a sense to Warsaw itself and, through Warsaw, to all the victims of the Nazi era. The poet, who was active in the Polish Resistance and edited a clandestine anthology of anti-Nazi verse, took part in the Uprising. His poem is an unanswerable denunciation of all those Romantic claims for the poet as unacknowledged legislator, as the herald of a new and juster human order. It belongs to the same moment of literary history as Adorno's dictum — rather too often and too glibly quoted — that 'after Auschwitz' there could be no more poetry.

But Milosz does not go so far as Adorno. Experience has taught him the practical uselessness of poetry, yet he is still prepared to countenance a public role for it as a medium of truth-telling. The accurate use of language: that in itself is a salutary aim if we are not to be doomed to repetitions of our history.

Milosz's earlier poetry had been apocalyptic in tone, earning him the nickname 'catastrophist'. When his countrymen retreated from their capital, his view of things subtly changed.

When we were leaving the burning city,
On the first field path, turning back our eyes,
I said 'Let the grass cover our footprints.
Let the harsh prophet be silent in the fire
And let the dead tell the dead what happened.'

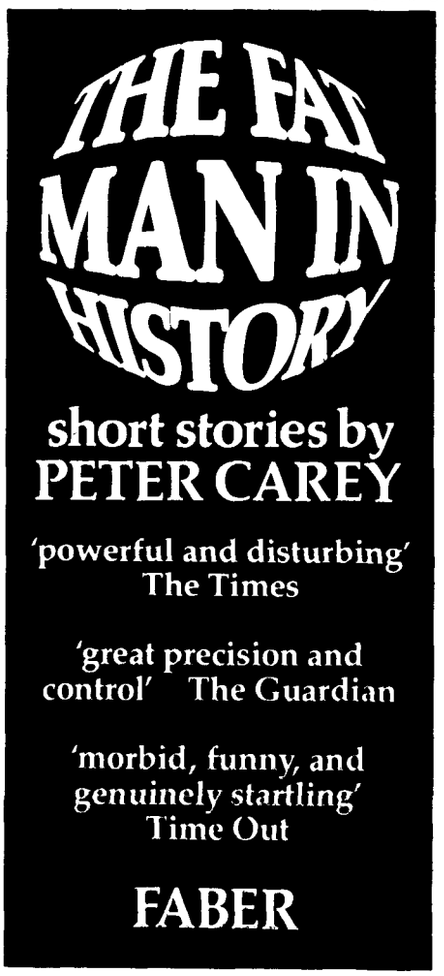
The image of the refugee looking back on Warsaw is characteristically ambivalent. The poet who had worn the mantle of Cassandra now seems to wish that the horror should be forgotten, aware that in some sense it will be. Yet the past is not to be so lightly dismissed. If Warsaw is Troy, the poet is now Aeneas; if he has dreams of a new city, he also looks back at the ruins of the old, and must bear his father on his shoulders.

The award to Milosz of the Nobel Prize in the aftermath of the recent Polish upheaval cannot be regarded as non-political. A man of socialist sympathies, he served the post-war Polish government as Cultural Attaché to Washington, but in 1951, stifled by the imposition of socialist realist dogma, he denounced the Communist regime and decided to stay in the West. Shortly afterwards he published his classic study of the fate of intellectual freedom in the People's Democracies, *The Captive Mind*. There, through a series of imaginary portraits, he shows how the state gains control of the intelligentsia by appearing to grant it dignity. So for the present Polish dissidents, who read his work mainly in *samizdat*, the award can only be seen as further encouragement.

The structure of his poetry is dialectical. What he values is the intensely experienced moment, often associated with childhood or some glimpse of Arcadia, and the poems are attempts to grasp the intuition of eternity embodied in such moments. But to focus on these epiphanies at the expense of historical memory seems to the survivor of the Warsaw uprising a kind of blasphemy. 'If I forget thee, O Jerusalem,/(Saith the prophet), Let my right hand wither' is a cry that breaks across the calm of one of his most moving idylls. Jerusalem, like Troy, must stand for Warsaw, for the fallen City; but it is also the immutable Holy City, the source of whatever gives value to human experience and will continue to do so when particular cities are forgotten.

Anyone who has attempted to translate Milosz — as I have done collaboratively — will be aware of how deeply this dialectic is embedded in the language. The lines I have just quoted come, of course, from the Psalms, and his style has been much affected by the poetry of the Old Testament, some of which he has translated. This is sometimes a matter of secular praise, a psalmic celebration of the wonders of being. It also involves the more sombre Biblical notion of solitary witness, the last resource of individual dignity in the age of the totalitarian state.

Milosz has written that exile is the worst fate that may befall a poet, since it cuts him off from the medium of his life's work, his native tongue. In the event, he met this tragedy with characteristic vigour. The poet who had translated French and English literature into Polish now became a major translator of Polish into English, became advocate and interpreter for a whole generation of Polish poets. It is perhaps ironic that without his anthology of *Post-War Polish Poetry* and his brilliant translations of the more celebrated Zbigniew Herbert (who acknowledges Milosz as his master), Milosz's own poetry would be even less well known than it is in Britain and America. It is to be



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hoped that the Nobel award will set the record straight, though British readers will still have some difficulty in arriving at the truth, for only one of his many books — poems, translations, anthologies, essays and novels — is still in print over here. *Bells in Winter* published by Carcanet Press (£2.95) is a collection mainly of recent poems, many of them very fine but not to be compared, alas, with his best work of the late forties and fifties.

Fiction — 1

Alan Hollinghurst

First-rate

The Girl in a Swing by RICHARD ADAMS *Allen Lane* £5.95
The Birds of the Air by ALICE THOMAS ELLIS *Duckworth* £6.95
World's End and other stories by PAUL THEROUX *Hamish Hamilton* £6.50

The potency of the unknown is what might keep you going through Richard Adams's new novel. Adams resorts to the supernatural as a way of handling sex, and the result serves to remind one forcibly of the purely artistic dangers of this subject. Adams is half-aware of the dangers, eking out a conventional vocabulary of 'blinding raptures', 'all-enveloping floods' etc., with a realistic manner often gruesome or hilarious: 'Karin touched my tepid, wet limpness', for example. On the other hand he tries to render his mystical sense of the value of sex interesting by associating it with a psychic sensibility in his narrator. The three females who excite him all induce sixth sense in him, and the third precipitates supernatural occurrences.

Of course this is a way of avoiding embarrassment, as is the device of a first-person narrator to let Adams off the hook when he comes to deal head-on with passionate human relationships. Even so, as he admits in a surely unnecessary Preface, the life of Alan Desland and its setting (in *Watership Down* country) are frequently very close to the author's own; Adams's enthusiasms — 'English literature, music, beer, bird-song . . . and country-walking' — are identical with his narrator's, and little, if any, irony exposes Desland's priggish, complacent, condescending character. He explains everything in a head-masterly jargon; his sister marries Bill, 'a first-rate cricketer' and Tony makes 'a first-rate job of the sermon'. Anything approved of is likely to be 'splendid'. Desland is a tyrannical snob about the countryside, flora and fauna, place-names and so forth. He seeks security in a kind of pedantry which is a substitute for real observation, and in a possessive attitude to the landscape. He ignores the National Trust's injunction to keep off the Uffington White Horse: 'I'm a Berkshireman; and there never used to be any damned notice when I was a little boy' and it is to be hoped that the inevitable popularity of the book will not encourage the desecration of this beautiful monument.

The worst pedantry, however, and that which most registers Adams's unease with the sexual subject, is literary. As the blurb to the original Penguin of *Watership Down* says, Adams has 'more than a passing acquaintance with the giants of English literature', and an apparent need to prove this stuffs the text with quotation and allusion, as well as linguistic muscle-flexing, conversations *in Danish*, and masses of Heine, one poem by whom is spoken by Desland in German in the midst of coition. There can be no doubt that this is a deeply pretentious book, and an offensive one in its attitudes to society and to women in particular. The narrator's innocence is intolerable — Adams should go back to that 'giant of English literature' Conrad to remind himself that the first-person narration is not what it seems.

Extraordinary experience emerges from and criticises the ordinary in all these books. Alice Thomas Ellis takes as her central consciousness an unmarried mother who has lost her little son, and whose reflections on life and death move on a quite different level from those of her family. Numbed with grief she longs only to be reunited with her dead child, and her vision of things is disturbed and reductive. She stays with her mother, herself recently widowed, but 'coping' with her bereavement by obsessive housework and a certain bourgeois stoicism. But Mary, looking out of the window, fantasises about the animals and imagines dinosaurs at the bottom of the garden. This is done by a kind of strategic over-writing, dense and uneasy: through the compaction of the writing moments of intense emotion spurt out with the unrestrainedness and gaucherie of a person of feeling inevitably at odds with her social circumstances.

The authorial voice inclines to this near-nihilism, but via an extremely funny satire. Ellis plays subversive games with her social subject (a family's Christmas gathering) with the tartest observation and everything going irredeemably wrong. Her eye and ear for middle-class detail are flawless, and in the truest satirical fashion she destroys the world which she creates in the novel. But its achievement is to count the cost of this at a far deeper level.

Paul Theroux's short stories avoid such problems of commitment by their comedy and brevity; when he expands in the longer form of 'The Greenest Island' (some 50pp) the attempt at seriousness and psychological interest becomes dogged and unconvincing. His natural gift for place is a means of capitalising on his passion for travel, and the short story with its emphasis on plot and its need for quick and shapely resolution is an ideal form for him. A restlessness of movement testifies to a disinclination to dig deep. A whole vein of comic writing exploits the relishedly superficial, reflecting the tactics rather than the neuroses of life, and Theroux sometimes has a ring of pure Lifemanship, for instance in 'Algebra', a story about an insignificant man making friends with the famous through a policy of reckless lying. He displays a hilarious callousness and a pleasure in showing up a particular world — diplomatic, literary, commercial — in all its fraudulence. Literary life is the most frequent target, for its vacuity and pretension; an American professor steals a poet's worksheets in a bid for fame, and there are other sardonic developments of the International Theme, the hazards and absurdities of British and Americans abroad. In 'White Lies' there is real horror, narrated by a bloodless entomologist, who draws a gloatingly distorted moral. It is immaculately manipulated.

Fiction — 2

Paul Thompson

Murky Spaces

The Fat Man in History by PETER CAREY *Faber* £4.95
Samurai by HISAKO MATSUBARA *Bodley Head* £5.95
In Flight by JONATHAN SMITH *Allen Lane* £5.50

Peter Carey, the young Australian writer, amply deserves the acclaim he has received in his own country, to judge by this collection of short stories. Each story flickers internally with many colours but the total effect is dark. One senses a familiarity with the murky spaces which lie within hallucinogens. A setting which is not quite reality is partly used to convey the hero's paranoia in one of the best stories, 'War Crimes', which describes a future where particularity of country has been obliterated, and in which the majority are unemployed, demoralised, and at the mercy of a powerful minority who do as they please. In another story, 'Exotic Pleasures', strands from sci fi are superimposed on this world of the proximate future. The desolate mood again is partly achieved by the evocation of a nightmarish background. Some of the stories, like the brilliant, ironic 'American Dreams', are built on a single ingenious idea. However, in a few of the stories like 'Do You Love Me', the artificiality of the idea has not been sufficiently concealed by art.

Hisako Matsubara's *Samurai* achieves a moving portrait of conflicts generated by the clash between the old values of the Japanese aristocracy and the new realities of the inter-war years, when America was becoming the nation's idol. It does not matter that the characters in this novel are two dimensional. Because they carry symbolic import and represent something much wider than themselves, their drama has the proportions of tragedy. Throughout, Matsubara uses symbolism unashamedly, but with a sure touch. For example, Hayato, who embodies the classic values of the Samurai class, after his impoverishment, immerses himself for hours in the training of his bonsai trees so that they become shaped exactly to his will.

By imposing his macho idealism, and by refusing to take heed of the new conditions of the era and of the personalities of his children, he ruins their lives. His final act of benevolence according to his principles, in reality amounts to a vile betrayal of his loyal son and the prostitution of his daughter. However, although the repressive values of the old order are exposed as corrupt and abusive, Hayato himself, despite his degradation, is painted with compassion.

Jonathan Smith's engaging, well crafted *In Flight* starts with Richard Stirling arriving in Britain from the States to be interviewed for a post in the English department of Bristol university. He stays with his brother's family. Within a short time his life is out of control. He becomes passionately entangled with the wife of a couple who are old friends of his host Unmanageable involvement, conflicts of both a professional and a cultural nature, and a sense of failure drive him to suicide.

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Charles Glass

The Other US

A People's History of the United States by HOWARD ZINN *Longman* £13 & £6.95
American Dream, Global Nightmare by SANDY VOGELGESANG *W. W. Norton* £7.75
Counting Our Blessings: Reflections on the Future of America by DANIEL PATRICK MOYNIHAN *Secker* £7.95

A People's History of the United States, the best of these three books, attempts, in its author's words:

> to tell the story of the discovery of America from the viewpoint of the *Arawaks*, of the Constitution from the standpoint of the *slaves*, of Andrew Jackson as seen by the *Cherokees*, of the Civil War as seen by the *New York Irish*, of the Mexican war as seen by the *deserting soldiers of Scott's army*, of the rise of industrialism as seen by the *young women in the Lowell textile mills*, of the Spanish-American war as seen by the *Cubans*, the conquest of the Philippines as seen by *black soldiers on Luzon*, the Gilded Age as seen by *southern farmers*, the First World War as seen by *socialists*, the Second World War as seen by *pacifists*, the New Deal as seen by *blacks in Harlem*, the postwar American empire as seen by *peons in Latin America*. (emphasis added).

Thus, in his first chapter, Professor Zinn promises to relate the familiar episodes of American history from at least 13 different points of view. If he fails in that nearly impossible task, which he does, he succeeds admirably in his second objective of 'disclosing those hiddeen episodes of the past when, even if in brief flashes, people showed their ability to resist, to join together, occasionally to win'. He may not be able to tell the story of America from dozens of conflicting perspectives (he has one perspective, that of a moderately left-wing American political scientist), but he does reveal much about the people who are usually missing from American history text books: the Arawaks, Cherokees, the English settlers who fled starvation and oppression in the early colonies to live with the Indians, the landless Hudson River farmers, the Negro soldiers of several wars, the Wobblies, women workers, sharecroppers, Big Bill Haywood, Mother Jones, Cubans, Filippinos and Vietnamese.

Standard American histories ignore many of the incidents (the great railroad strike of 1877, the Haymarket massacre and trials, the executions of Sacco and Vanzetti, Joe Hill and the Rosenbergs) which Professor Zinn emphasises. What is missing from his otherwise interesting, if undramatic, account are enough primary sources (as in his discussion of pre-Civil War class conflicts, pp. 214ff), a coherent overview of the development of the country in the past 200 years (of the kind found in, say, Claude Julien's *Le Rêve et l'histoire*, Bernard Grasset, Paris, 1976) and sufficient evidence to support his own contentions.

Sandy Vogelgesang is as optimistic as Professor Zinn seems to be, though for different reasons. While he, in his final chapter, states his belief that 'prisoners of the system will continue to rebel' and that 'they may be joined by the guards', leading to 'a different and marvellous world', Ms Vogelgesang is one guard who has no desire to join the prisoners. A foreign service bureaucrat, she believes the guards have a duty to promote human rights around the world within the wider context of American foreign policy (though how that policy is to be determined is not part of her discussion). Her interest is in portraying the conflict within the governing elite — Congress, the administration and State Department — about the means and desirability of making the American dream a reality for foreigners. She makes some ridiculous assertions:

(1) Jimmy Carter as human rights advocate is possibly more revolutionary than Che Guevara.

(2) The US is somehow caught innocently in the middle in conflicts between American client regimes and their people (disregarding the relationship of those regimes to the US).

(3) Khomeini's 'paranoia' — not American policy, as revealed by Ambassador Sullivan in his recent *Foreign Affairs* article — prevented his dealing with the US.

(4) There is a raging debate over whether to let politics infiltrate the World Bank and IMF, even when the issue is human rights; but Ms Vogelgesang neglects to mention that the US used its influence at the World Bank to prevent any aid reaching Vietnam.

(5) American arms boycotts do not work, because repressive regimes will simply buy weapons elsewhere to the detriment of American exporters — as though the US had no leverage with Latin America's new alternative supplier, Israel. (See Ignacia Klich's 'L'Amérique latine, principal client de l'industrie d'armament israélienne', in *Le Monde Diplomatique,* September 1980.)

The high point of her book comes on pages 194 to 197, where she admits, 'To reach the poor requires a major change in internal and external structures of power', and quotes Richard Fagen, that feeding people may mean 'taking actions that challenge the basic logic of existing class and market arrangements'. Although this 'creates a dilemma of humbling magnitude for the United States', it is not addressed further. Later she says that US officials who say the human rights programme is part of the 'ideological offensive' against the Soviet Union are wrong, but she has obviously not read the memoirs of Henry Kissinger or the essays of Daniel Patrick Moynihan.

'We are under attack,' the former UN ambassador and now junior senator from New York announces. But, like the heroes of Ayn Rand's *Atlas Shrugged,* Moynihan's Americans will prevail because they are right: 'And as the lights go out in the rest of the world, they shine all the brighter here.' America is suffering under the Marxist onslaught because of 'the superior capacity of Marxist argument to induce guilt'. But all that changed for Moynihan on 25 March 1977 when Jimmy Carter unveiled his human rights policy in the context of the 'ideological struggle . . . between the Communist nations on the one hand and the democratic nations on the other'.

Three quotes should give the flavour of the book, most of whose essays have appeared previously:

> The political elites of most of the world are poisonously anti-American and will remain so while the spell of Marxism and the British universities — what Orwell called the 'right Left people' — persists.

Moynihan neglects to mention that the US installed and sustains many of these political elites — in Brazil, Guatemala, Iran until 1979, Indonesia, etc. — and there remains the possibility that the world's elites, despite Marxism and the spell of British universities, were genuinely horrified at what America did to Vietnam, Cambodia and Laos.

> Democratic regimes and values were [in 1975] under totalitarian assault, and resistance everywhere was weakening. The great exception was Israel . . .

The exception, in the year the US lost Indochina, was Israel, which persisted in its occupation of captured territory and maltreatment of occupied inhabitants; not Greece, which toppled the US-backed junta and restored parliamentary elections; not Portugal, which gave independence to its African colonies and held free elections; not even Spain, where General Franco died and Juan Carlos opened the door to parliamentary democracy.

> It is one thing to raise issues of human rights against weak allies. It is another to raise them with strong adversaries.

With weak allies, American objections might have some effect, as with the Indonesian occupation of East Timor — an issue never raised by Presidents Ford or Carter nor even mentioned by Ms Vogelgesang. Moynihan, it should be remembered, made his reputation in the UN by castigating small, weak and non-aligned states, to the delight of the constituents who later sent him to the Senate.

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Benedict Nightingale

Mailed Fist & Iron Heart

The Romans in Britain by HOWARD BRENTON *Olivier*
Sugar and Spice by NIGEL WILLIAMS *Royal Court*
Enjoy by ALAN BENNETT *Vaudeville*
Season's Greetings by ALAN AYCKBOURN *Round House*
The Importance of Being Earnest by OSCAR WILDE *Old Vic*

The first time Edward Bond's *Saved* was staged, it was to an outraged pandemonium in which, I'm sorry to say, the voices of some respected colleagues were shrilly to be heard; the second, only four years later, to general agreement that the stoning-to-death of the baby in his pram was a justifiable illustration of the extremes to which deprivation could push our fellow-citizens. Yesterday's shock-horror headline had become today's challenging masterpiece. It's a familiar enough process; and if I take leave to doubt that *The Romans in Britain* will provide the next instance of its operation, it's more because of scepticism about the whole than disgust at any part or parts, including the private ones so generously on display in the Celtic forests of 54 BC. I was duly sickened by the scene in which a druid is incompetently raped by a Roman soldier, as I was meant to be. It's what is known in the trade as a 'strong image', meaning one that makes you want to swallow your eyes and ears and pretend that such things couldn't happen. The real trouble, however, is that the plaint it's designed to italicise is hardly more sophisticated than that imperialism is a crying shame, not to say a pain in the arse.

Of course, Brenton would argue that it's time for straight talking and not sophistication, when we Anglo-Saxons persist in treating the Celts in a style analagous to that of the Romans two millennia ago. He makes the point with another 'strong image': a roar of helicopters in the pre-Christian twilight, the appearance of British soldiers in khaki, who shoot dead a stone-brandishing slave-girl. 'Fucking bogshitting mick,' mutters one of the killers; and on trundles their general, who turns out to be Caesar updated, to mouth platitudes about violence being reduced to an acceptable level and (a gratuitous dig at Yeats, this) civilisation not sinking, its great battle lost. Thus ends act one.

Thus, perhaps, ought to end the play. After all, this is its theatrical and political climax, the anachronistic culmination of the invasion whose story Brenton has spent the previous hour telling. He has told it pretty vividly too, with less preciosity of diction than in his recent work and no attempt to idealise the victims of colonialism. His ancient Britons are a superstitious, short-sighted, artlessly cruel lot, admirable only for the energy with which they till their fields, improvise football-games and launch into group discussions about topical issues. But how helpful is it bluntly to identify then with now? How much has General Tuzo in common with a Caesar who dismisses the Brits as 'a wretched bunch of wogs', boasts about having crucified an entire people, orders the quiet murder of an irritating aide-de-camp, and then, with a macho twist of a dagger, yanks out one of his own teeth? Haven't both oppression and dentistry become, well, *subtler* since the days when *veni, vidi, vici* were the world's most awesome four-letter words?

To some extent the play's second act answers this objection. Much of it seems redundant, a picture of post-Roman Britain crumbling as pre-Roman Britain crumbled, this time before the Saxon invader. A high-Tory matron, suffering from a somewhat symbolic plague, is hauled onstage, then killed by her steward, for whom war promises freedom; and two of her household cooks hit the road with two farm-girls, by way of illustrating Brenton's belief, apparent in both *Weapons of Happiness* and *The Churchill Play,* that hope for the future lies in the obscure survivor, the unconsidered skulker, biding his time in the cracks of a disintegrating society. But the act also involves an SAS major lurking in an Irish field, improbably disguised as a yokel and bent on inveigling an IRA godfather within range of his revolver; and here, thanks both to Brenton's writing and to Stephen Moore's raddled, sottish performance, the play does become more interesting.

Another of Brenton's recurrent notions, evident in *Magnificence* and *Weapons of Happiness,* is that the nob class has lost faith in itself. The mailed fist is rusting, and the iron heart has developed a sort of metallic gangrene, whose outer symptoms are self-doubt and self-loathing; and so it proves here. Confronted with his target, Mr Moore admits his true identity, rambles incoherently on about the ghosts of the war-dead, accuses himself of wielding 'a Roman spear, a Saxon axe, a British army machine gun', and is promptly shot for his phoney 'humanity'. The scene is tense, theatrically effective and, for what it's worth, more resonant and suggestive than anything preceding it. The question is whether it compensates for the play's intellectual and political crudeness, its sentimental appeals to an Arthurian utopia and, sometimes, a lack of plausibility that lurches towards Pythonesque exorbitance. I fear it doesn't, and I suspect the theatregoers of four or 40 years hence won't judge me too harshly for saying so.

It hasn't been a week for the queasy. *Sugar and Spice,* meaning girl punks in Chelsea, turns out to be a prolonged wrangle between the sexes, complete with strip, scabrous language, speeches wryly addressed to other people's genitalia, nasty violence, but no more plausibility than *Romans* and a good deal less variety. E.A. Whitehead, who has made this area his theatrical fief, tends to see sexual hatred as instinctual, innate; Nigel Williams in more social terms, as the inevitable antipathy between exploiter and victim. So far so good. The trouble is that, as in his *Class Enemy,* Williams has elected what's too blatantly a spokesperson for his oppressed and embittered teenagers, in this case a vermilion-haired termagent, played by Ms Toyah Willcox. How to reconcile crusading bile with documentary truth? It's an old, old problem; and Williams, writing from what one might call his ovary tower, has yet to solve it.

He might, however, take a look at Alan Bennett's latest, a curious, theatrically awkward piece for which I developed more and more respect as the evening stuttered on. Partly, it is a disconsolate satire on the squelched minds and anaesthetised imaginations of the respectable northern working class, here represented by a whining, whiskered Colin Blakely and a frizzy-haired, fuzzy-eyed Joan Plowright, a married couple uncomfortably ensconced in 'the last back-to-back in Leeds'. His body is failing him, her memory disappearing, their environment all but extinct. Their daughter, whom he adores, is a callous tart; their son has run away. A hooligan urinates through the letter-box, then offhandedly stuns father. 'We were inseparable,' twitters mother, abandoning his supposed corpse for her household chores, 'but I've lots to do.' She takes a prim gander at his penis, which has risen in valedictory salute: 'I haven't seen some of this for years.' There's no need for her to say anything about love: there manifestly hasn't been much of that, either.

Bennett the wit and wag intermittently declares himself, for instance in a barely relevant set-piece about the true meaning of such saws as 'no love lost' and 'butter wouldn't melt in her mouth'; but he generates less than his usual quota of laughter, especially in the somewhat snoozy first half. The evening belongs to a more eclectic and more sombre Bennett, the one who introduces a lady social worker to record the non-events of the Blakely ménage, then reveals he's actually the family's long-missing son gone transvestite, then discloses he's part of a municipal team, which will 'lovingly' knock down the house and reassemble it as part of an urban museum, complete with 'cotton mill, steam engines and genuine hardship'. It would be tendentious to identify the recording angel from the welfare department with the author himself; yet Bennett hies from working-class Leeds, and by the end his play reverberates with a blend of grief and resentment as authentic as it's ambivalent. Here's affection for and rejection of the past; nostalgia, and the feeling that nostalgia is a patronising insult; indignation at an uncaring society, and an even greater indignation at those who coldly institutionalise care. How could people be, how allow themselves to be treated like this? *Enjoy* is the most arresting lament for the disintegration of the North since David Storey's *In Celebration.*

There'll be more time for *Season's Greetings,* as funny-glum a business as we'd expected given Ayckbourn as author and Christmas as subject, when it gets its promotion to the West End. Meanwhile, it gives us the chance to admire the excellence of its author's Scarborough company: no stars, hence better balance, and a more consistent production than he sometimes offers in London. And there'll be more time for the four-act version of *The Importance* next week. Who is Moulton, who Gribsby? Watch this space.

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Translators are not Creators

On 12 September we published a report of the Riverside Studios Conference on Play Translation. CHARLES MAROWITZ challenges the underlying assumptions of the Conference and draws a distinction between translators and creative artists.

RECENTLY at one of those self-congratulatory conferences where like-minded people gather to stroke their mutual interests in the privacy of their own company, about 150 translators and related scribes met at the Riverside Studios to reaffirm the importance and integrity of their calling.

The pretext was a flap, some months ago, between myself and Michael Meyer, the erstwhile translator of Ibsen and Strindberg who howled bitterly when, during a performance of *The Father* at the Open Space, he caught wind of certain phrases he attributed to his own translation rather than my own. A short flurry of correspondence followed, the gist of which I do not intend to revive here. Suffice it to say, it threw up a handful of spikey issues which are fervently debated by language-specialists but very rarely get examined by the general public.

The declared object of that meeting was to formulate a code of conduct for translators to protect their interests and safeguard them against the incursions of marauding directors and fee-avoiding managements. The tacit assumption behind much of the discussion (including the browbeating of Inge Ewbank by Mr Meyer to divulge how much she was paid by the National Theatre for her version of *John Gabriel Borkman*) appeared to be that translators were often treated as hacks, their 'literal translations' or 'first drafts' wolfed down and subsequently integrated by more celebrated authors such as Tom Stoppard and Christopher Hampton, and their industry belittled if not spurned outright.

Without going into the rights and wrongs of that issue (and clearly the translator has an undeniable case for fair payment for services rendered), there was a widespread assumption at that meeting which was never questioned and which, if my contention is acknowledged, would seriously undermine its conclusions. The assumption was that the translator is a creative artist in his (her) own right and therefore deserving of the same regard (many would argue the same compensation) as the original writer, assuming of course the writer were dead and we were considering 'classics'; the congregation tacitly acknowledged that live authors pursuing their own royalty-demands were a somewhat different kettle-of-fish. But in the minds of many, the modern translator has sprung full-blown from the dead originator and become his surrogate in the 20th century. By dint of understanding and conveying the thoughts and utterances of the original, the translator has entered the arena of the creative artist, and there are those who would have us believe that the migration of a work-of-art from one tongue to another involves the same, or equivalent, degree of creativity, discernment and inspiration.

My contention is that translation is essentially a skill — something that can be acquired, refined and developed and reaches its highest perfection among those persons who, once they possess that skill, also display artistic sensitivity and a feeling-for-style. In my view, so-called 'classics' in the theatre, being in the public domain, should be enjoyed gratis by the public. The 'translation' of a work-of-art deserves a fee based on the quality and experience of the man or woman doing the job, but not a percentage (the common practice) as that traditionally connotes origination. If the translator wants to foist his rights as a creative artist, let him create his own plays.

IT IS CERTAINLY POSSIBLE for a translator to 're-create' a work-of-art in such a way that it feels brand-new. (Constance Garnett did something like that for Dostoyevsky in English which, one might argue, only an English Dostoyevsky could have paralleled, and the seams of the Schlegel-Tieck translations of Shakespeare are so invisible, that the country persists in thinking of him as a German playwright, and certainly hundreds of other brilliant translations can be cited.) Nevertheless, in every case, there was an originating artist in an original language, and translation, no matter how excellent, is predicated on that work.

What is often lost sight of is that the translator does not have proprietary rights to the author's meaning. At most, he or she is a channel for that meaning. But to assume the creator and the conveyor are one and the same is to believe that the conduit is as valuable as the oil.

But there is a reason why such assumptions arise and they have to do with the nature and tendency of the professional translator. Except in rare cases, usually in poetry (I'm thinking of translations by Pound and Eliot, Lowell and Hughes), the translator has an academic bent and is the emulator and celebrant of the original. Not being creative artists themselves, but still mingling with the work of one, the linguist and the pedagogue, the college-professor and the failed-playwright easily assume a mysterious affinity with the artist who has inspired their work. It is a short step from profound and comprehensive knowledge of an artist to outright identification with him; from starting by saying: I am going to express this writer's thought, to believing, I am *responsible* for this writer's thought.

When I first started assembling Shakespeare's *Hamlet* for a free adaptation, I had a profound sense of authorship because I was making Shakespeare's lines mean new and different things — things *I* intended them to mean — quite different from the author's intentions, but evolved with the author's original language. After the initial heat of that work subsided, I was quick to disabuse myself of that fantasy, and it then became important for me to remind myself that I was, in fact, limiting the classic for my own purposes just as a painter battens on to a portion of a great masterwork and reproduces *it* for his personal ends.

BUT WE ARE NOW living in an age where the Middle Man is fast becoming more important than the man-of-substance on either side of his negotiation; where his ability to negotiate between, say, the artist and the consumer is taken to be a gift in its own right. Talented as the Middle Man may be, it is a common but deplorable delusion to believe that he has any rights to the original article or its delectation. The agent, like the pimp, orchestrates the interchange of pleasure but is as absent from the source of that pleasure as he is from its consumption. The translator, on the artistic scale, is several notches above the agent and must possess creative attributes, but he is still a broker between the artist and the public. He is still speaking 'on behalf of' and, though in his own voice, it is always for the sake of fidelity to another's voice and another's ideas.

The gifted playwright — a Brecht or a Miller, a Stoppard or a Hampton, a Brenton or a Bond — can convert fodder (rough translations) into *haute cuisine* because something in their individual talent adds dimension to the symbiosis. Rather than balk at their 'exploitation' of other men's work, there is a strong argument for entrusting all work of translation to such writers. For unless a translator is something of an artist in his own right, he tends to be a mawkish hawker of other men's goods, trumped up with a sense of self-importance which he is eager to consolidate in 'codes of conduct', contractual 'principles' and jamborees like the one at Riverside, whose ulterior motive is the elevation of his station so that it is on a par with his self-esteem.

It is Ibsen, not his translator, who formulated the concepts out of which his works grew. It is Strindberg, not his linguistic medium, who had the excoriating experiences out of which *his* plays were fashioned. This self-evident truth is in danger of being obscured if not overturned by the thunder of self-interest emanating from a few dozen men and women who are trying (half-consciously) to reconcile their intimate association to art with the fact that they are artists-manqués. It is the dead who most need protection. Protection against the vulturous appetites of the living!

Jazz

Charles Fox

Time-Travel

David Redfern's Jazz Album *Eel Pie* £13.95
The Golden Age of Jazz by WILLIAM P. GOTTLIEB *Quartet* £8.50

The notion that a man is what he does was certainly subscribed to by the majority of photographers who roamed the jazz scene in earlier days. Lips were pressed to mouthpieces, fingers hovered above keyboards, drummers always seemed to be caught in mid-thrash. The nearest a musician got to looking relaxed would be while studying a piece of sheet music or sitting in front of a microphone being interviewed. Nobody boozed, nobody slept around, nobody even played cards or rolled dice — or so it seemed. William Gottlieb started out in the grip of that particular tradition. He worked as a journalist (writing for *The Washington Post* as well as *Down Beat*) but also flourished as a

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photographer from the end of the 1930s until the onset of the 1950s. His importance is that he was really the first man to photograph jazz musicians with an insider's knowledge, aware of their artistic stature but also privy to some of their flaws and foibles.

Earlier on there had been two kinds of jazz photographs: snapshots taken by friends or fellow musicians or publicity pictures taken by professionals. Even then there were exceptions. A photograph from 1903 shows Jelly Roll Morton, a teen-aged ragtime professor, with floppy cap, watch-chain across waistcoat, his stance already aggressively cocksure. But the most remarkable pictorial mementoes from that era before the first world war are not of musicians but E. J. Bellocq's haunting studies of the prostitutes who worked in the brothels — 'sporting houses' was the contemporary euphemism — where Morton played. (Bellocq's *Storyville Portraits* is still available from the Scolar Press, £5.95.) The girls tend to be either naked or over-dressed, yet the modern eye is constantly distracted by the period bric-à-brac.

Unsolicited details of that sort are what make looking at old photographs the closest equivalent to time-travelling that we are likely to know. Equally as fascinating as the ostensible sitter or event is the activity going on around the margins. Things happening to left and to right can be described in many of Gottlieb's later photographs, notably a set taken on tour with Stan Kenton's band. Nine of the orchestra wives, plus one offspring, gossip animatedly in the wings while the husbands pursue their profession only a few yards behind them. Or, even more intriguing, the band's singer, June Christy, is goggled at from close range by a male fan — to the obvious chagrin of his girl-friend.

The 1940s come alive in those two pictures in a way the 1960s and 1970s never quite do in David Redfern's collection, even though he too went on tour — with Woody Herman and Louie Bellson. Much of the time, though, Redfern aims at grooming and polishing, presenting remarkably wartless performers. So there are close-ups of Basie and Ben Webster, Mingus and Oscar Peterson, often in a spotlight, mostly as we recollect them. Yet the use of colour takes away the sense of immediacy, just as it does in thriller movies (imagine how sedate *The Maltese Falcon* would seem with Greenstreet and Lorre surrounded by natural tints). So Redfern's best photographs, like all of Gottlieb's, are in black and white, even taken under difficulties, like the shot of John Coltrane at what used to be the Gaumont State, Kilburn: pensive, absorbed, lonely as only a man can be in front of a thousand or more spectators.

Gottlieb's collection is full of sudden visual insights or reminders. A shot of Django Reinhardt shows scars on his burnt hand like a drawing of a crater on the moon. The trumpeter Red Rodney sits alongside Charlie Parker, hair and forehead like Dylan Thomas's, his lips as lascivious as Jagger's. A self-satisfied Duke Ellington stands in a dressing-room full of spare suits, with a carton of baby powder in the foreground. But it's Redfern who gives us the piano stool topped with the Manhattan Yellow Pages, which Erroll Garner took everywhere to hoist him a few vital inches. Hindsight helps, of course. Looking at the dandified Miles Davis in Redfern's book, wearing giant shades, dressed in laced-up blue denim, his trumpet elegantly enamelled, one is already aware of the tantrums, the aloofness, the star status. But three shots by Gottlieb show Davis when he was very much the junior partner: to Charlie Parker, to Coleman Hawkins, even — for he gazes up respectfully — to a fellow trumpet player, Howard McGhee.

The texts read very differently. Redfern's is really a good-natured ramble through a career as fan and photographer (calling one section 'Jazz Chicks' may rile the more po-faced feminists). Gottlieb takes a personal slant too, but does provide a few clues about how the music developed. When he came into jazz — in 1936 — the average 'old time' musician was under 50. Natural death and old age seemed out of place in a music still so young and virile — just as it does in rock today. So it is to Redfern's book that one turns to see what happened afterwards, to look at the sensitive but creased face and fingers of Gil Evans, at the veins forming ridges on Eubie Blake's bald scalp, at the pall-bearers carrying Louis Armstrong's coffin. The music may often seem immortal but the makers remain as frail and human as the rest of us.

Films

John Coleman

Rule .303

Breaker Morant (A) *Classic, Haymarket; Gate 3, Camden Town; Odeon, Kensington*
The Blues Brothers (AA) *Empire*

To judge from their cinema, Australians seem hell bent on proving they have as much past as anyone — and a travelled one, at that. Bruce Beresford's highly proficient and entertaining *Breaker Morant,* based on a stage play which drew on history, clusters its images and invective round a court-martial back in Pietmaritz, Transvaal, in 1901. Three lieutenants, fighting the Boers in a largely Aussie unit of the British army, the hard-bitten Bushveldt Carbineers, are on trial for murder. Their last-minute defending major, nervously shuffling papers, realises his case rests on an order emanating from Lord Kitchener: no prisoners to be taken. After a Boer ambush in which their captain was butchered, the trio mounted a counter-attack. As Harry Morant (Edward Woodward), leader, poetaster and ex-horse-breaker, grittily explains to the chill British colonel presiding, 'We caught them and we shot them under rule .303', the calibre of their rifles. By now, the war has become a series of guerrilla battles, where anything goes. Unfortunately, the loftier strategies of diplomacy dictate a rigged verdict; a German missionary has also been killed and Germany must be allowed no pretext for coming in on the side of the Boers; summoned for the defence, Kitchener's man perjures himself.

Beresford manages his flashbacks and set-pieces (a Boer raid aimed at the armoury; the execution of Morant and his randy brother-officer Handcock — Byran Brown — on twin chairs in a dawn field) with persuasive panache. As hamstrung counsel for the defence, Jack Thompson grows finely in rage and confidence. Whether singing a ballad of his own composition in a pre-war drawing-room or drunkenly spouting bravura Byron, Mr Woodward does enough to leave one wanting more of the real, doomed life of this odd bird Morant. So far as it goes, and that includes the modern message there for the resonant plucking (Morant's 'It's a new kind of war for a new century' joins chopping hands down the years with such chancey outfits as the SAS), it goes with a nicely ironic swing. It does rather settle, though, for being a good *small* movie.

When one considers that some $15 m. are said to have been lavished on *The Blues Brothers,* smallness assumes all the lineaments of supreme beauty. Having had his fun with *Kentucky Fried Movie* and *National Lampoon's Animal House,* John Landis now comes to town — in this case, poor Chicago and its extensive environs — with a platinum bulldozer. Elwood Blues (Dan Aykroyd) meets brother Jake (John Belushi) fresh out of jail and drives him in a bruised but lethal ex-police car to visit fearsome Sister Mary Stigmata at the orphanage that raised this dark-suited, dark-hatted and dark-glassed pair. What ensues derives from their promise to earn $5,000 to get the orphanage out of hock. The super-alert may note an early visual reference to *Close Encounters,* with Jake emerging from Joliet Prison as from an incandescent mother-ship. It is that sort of in-occasion, and approximately one-eighth as amusing and ingratiating as it takes itself to be. At 133 minutes, it suffers from pernicious oedema.

The Blues brothers set about reassembling their one-time Band, winkling authentic musicians pretending to be actors pretending to be restaurateurs and the like out of their jobs. In a posh eatery, Jake discomfits a neighbouring diner by leeringly offering to buy his womenfolk: this is good and gross. There is an encounter with Ray Charles which is less so and a chance for Cab Calloway to show delighting, ancient paces in 'Minnie the Moocher'. There is a lot of invigorating rhythm-and-blues around; there are many hit-or-miss jokes, a wretched Nazi Party affair embroiling Henry Gibson among them; and I wish — this is crucial — that John Belushi were in better form. He is somehow uneasy and sour. Maybe he was turned off when it got to him that the ramshackle, free-and-easy, would-be comedy was heading all the while for the most costly conspicuous consumption of cars in the annals of slap-stick chases. The last reel or so is devoted to a wanton choreography of destruction, with about a million cops, firemen, national guardsmen and SWAT teams milling around Chicago while roughly as many automobiles (not forgetting a handful of helicopters) gang-bang one another to death. As a car-hater, I rejoiced a little. A larger spoilsport in me quite fulminated at the waste, the deliberate and ostentatious waste.

Among this week's contributors:

CLIVE WILMER's most recent publication is his translation of the work of the Hungarian poet Miklos Radnoti, *Forced March.*

PIERRE JORIS's most recent collection of poems is *Berber Drums.*

CHARLES GLASS is editor of *Near East Business* magazine.

CHARLES MAROWITZ produced his most recent adaptation, *Hedda,* earlier this year.

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Art

John Spurling

Damn'd Faces

Thomas Gainsborough *Tate*

Gainsborough hardly rates in Kenneth Clark's *Landscape into Art*. He is adduced as a sad example of what happened to naturalistic landscape painting during the 18th century and dismissed on the evidence of his famous brush-off to Lord Hardwicke, who had asked for a painting of his park:

> . . . with regard to *real Views* from Nature in this Country, he [Gainsborough] has never seen any Place that affords a Subject equal to the poorest imitations of Gasper and Claude.

Why, Lord Clark wonders, did Gainsborough, having painted such an early masterpiece as *Mr and Mrs Andrews,* with its rapturous view of *their* modest park, give up 'direct painting' in favour of 'the melodious style of picture making by which he is best known'? The answer is, of course, that he did not, but that his idea of the 'direct painting' of English landscape could not be satisfied by orderly views of parkland.

Gainsborough had no followers and when, after a period of eclipse, his reputation was revived at the end of the 19th century, it was as a portrait-painter. Even in his own day, though his landscapes were admired by the discriminating — including Hugh Walpole, Reynolds and the future George IV — he was suspicious of his clients' reaction to them and, during the time of his rising success at Bath, kept them stashed away in a back room. The great virtue of John Hayes's exhibition is that it gives the landscapes equal weight with the portraits. Its disadvantage is that it omits so many of the best of both. Somewhat eccentrically, since this is the first comprehensive Gainsborough exhibition for nearly a century, Dr Hayes has decided to make it only an adjunct to the great London collections. Two paintings have been borrowed from the National, nothing from Kenwood and even the Tate's own holding still hangs separately.

Gainsborough lived by painting portraits, first local worthies such as the Andrews in Suffolk, later the well-to-do and fashionable in Bath and eventually, in London, the greatest in the land, including the whole Royal Family. 'If the People with their damn'd Faces could but let me alone a little . . .' he wrote from Bath, he would be able to get out into the country and go on with his landscapes. Nevertheless the 'damn'd Faces' gave rise to some of the greatest paintings ever made in this country and it is only too easy, blinded by their brilliance, to pass over the less confident, more experimental originality of the landscapes. Everyone recognises that in portraits such as *The Morning Walk* and *Mary, Countess Howe* (at Kenwood), Gainsborough succeeded in fusing full-length figures with landscape to an unusual degree; what is not so well appreciated is that these are landscapes as much as portraits. Lady Howe, magnificent in pink against a stormy sky, becomes — through the streaming, diaphanous ruffles and waterfalls of her silvery-grey cuffs, collar and

Self-portait by Gainsborough

apron — herself an expression of the storm; the newly-married Halletts appear as local deities, emanations of the dense, overshadowing foliage and the nervous energy of the wind blustering through it. Paintings like these are Gainsborough's romantic symphonies; the Impressionists rediscovered something of their light and movement, but seldom their grandeur.

The originality of the landscapes proper has been obscured by history. To us, aware of what happened in the next century, Gainsborough can seem artificial. Yet he started out from models infinitely more so: on the one hand, the spacious Arcadies of Claude and Poussin, on the other, those winsome French pastorals by Fragonard and Boucher. Gainsborough's master, when he first went to study art in London in 1740, at the age of 13, was the rococo draughtsman Gravelot, and one can see, in certain early paintings, Gainsborough's debt to that kind of French stage-set scenery. But there is a group of still earlier landscapes in the exhibition, painted in Suffolk when Gainsborough was about 18, which is indebted just as obviously to Dutch 17th-century naturalism, a tradition much better suited to Gainsborough's own experience of landscape. He was never, of course, a *plein air* painter, except for sketching, and it is often cited as a measure of his artificiality that, like Poussin, he made miniature landscapes out of bits of coal, cork, sand, clay, moss, broccoli etc. to copy in the studio. Against this must be set what he told his friend Philip Thicknesse:

> that during his *Boy-hood*, though he had no idea of becoming a Painter then, yet there was not a Picturesque clump of Trees, not even a single Tree of beauty, no, nor hedge row, stone or post, at the corner of the Lanes . . . that he had not . . . perfectly in his *mind's eye.*

In effect Gainsborough set about plundering every source he could lay eyes on — but especially Ruysdael, Cuyp and Rubens — in order to depict for the first time what he had registered in his mind's eye: a specifically English landscape, tousled, hillocky, clayey, wooded, which drew in and enclosed the viewer instead of offering itself as a spread-out prospect; but which was as much Gainsborough's feeling about what he had seen as the thing itself. It was real as to detail but composed and lit by the imagination and it included too his Wordsworthian feelings about the peasants who inhabited it. The whole attempt was, it is clear from the drawings almost more than the paintings, a consuming passion. Variations flowed thick and fast, everything was a try-out, nothing a formula. By the end of his life the peasants were looming larger — now Gainsborough had been to Murillo — and the brush-strokes, liberally thinned with turpentine, dosed with Rubens, were growing still looser and swifter.

The more you look at the landscapes the more you become aware that under the veneer of 18th-century suavity an extraordinary upheaval is taking place. A whole stretch of 19th-century landscape painting is being revealed long before its time: the poetic ordinariness of Constable, the crepuscular density of Courbet, the flash of Monet, the softness of Renoir, the earthy sentimentality of Millet, even (in Gainsborough's only mythological painting, *Diana and Actaeon*) a distant foretaste of Cézanne's series of *Bathers*. It was not that Gainsborough directly influenced any of these unborn Frenchmen, but that in searching for a way of translating his diverse borrowings into an English landscape vernacular, which was also to be an expression of the artist's deepest feelings — in ordinary life he was most careful to conceal such feelings under a witty, throwaway, 18th-century conviviality — Gainsborough inevitably anticipated the next major phase in European painting. Little wonder that Constable, without the benefit of hindsight, said of these landscapes: 'On looking at them, we find tears in our eyes and know not what brings them.'

Music

Tyro-Scope

ANDREW CLEMENTS discusses the renaissance of the SPNM

The Society for the Promotion of New Music has been in the business of encouraging young composers now for almost 40 years, but in recent seasons there have been signs that much of its pioneering vigour was beginning to seep away. No longer could the composers chosen for performance rely upon receiving a well-prepared hearing, and some of the music itself was suspiciously bland, as if the piles of scores submitted to the reading panel had not been sifted as scrupulously as one would expect. But now the SPNM is hard at work rebuilding its image. An enthusiastic young administrator has been appointed, and the new look to its autumn programme suggests that once again the Society intends to fulfil its original function: to allow new music to be heard and discussed under the best possible conditions.

So the second event of the SPNM's new season was a concert given in the Purcell Room by the London Sinfonietta, conducted by Peter Wiegold. It proved to be an enormously inspiriting occasion, without any need to make allowances for imprecisions or misreadings, and with a programme of works chosen evidently with the greatest care and concern for balance and variety. Between the established younger composers, nearly all of them over 30, and the generation of students able to hear their efforts in college concerts, many composers are at a loss to find a plat-

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form. As if to emphasise the precise position of this information gap, the oldest composer in last week's concert (Brian Elias) was 32, the youngest (John Woolrich) 26.

In his introductions to the works Nigel Osborne drew attention to the wide range of reference and tradition that these composers felt able to use. Osborne's own music would suggest that he welcomes a re-ordering of priority among the icons of 20th-century music, with the re-establishment of Stravinsky and Bartok as seminal figures at the expense of the second Viennese School and its post-war followers. But the irony of the music on display was that the composer most clearly part of the serial mainstream, James Dillon, had produced the most accomplished and powerful piece. Elsewhere there were clones from Messiaen — Gary Carpenter's *Da Capo,* otherwise a rather slick essay in the fertility still to be found in a classical form — and Bartok/Ravel, in Brian Elias's *Tzigane* for solo violin, which was a disappointing summary of the techniques and gestures available to the contemporary violinist. John Woolrich's *Stone Dances* made no excuses for its obvious debt to Stravinsky but positively revelled in a string of distorted references: to the chord progressions from the *Symphonies of Wind,* the opening tread of *The Firebird,* a squawking clarinet solo lifted out of *Le Sacre du Printemps,* a snatch of *Petrushka.* To translate them to remote harmonic contexts and construct out of them a suite of very definite charm required considerable skill and no little nerve.

But in Lee Hyla's *Amnesia* there was a more positive individuality, clear of structure and thematic shape. Osborne's introduction suggested jazz as an influence on Hyla's music, but for all that the spare soundworld of bass clarinet and double bass, piano and percussion, violin and cello bore that out, the very tight organisation and rigorous four-part form suggested a much more cerebral approach. The textures extracted from the ensemble were memorably rough, the outer sections dominated by a dialogue for bass clarinet and double bass, the second part a more sustained and homogeneous duet for the strings. Moments of miscalculation — important bass lines were sometimes obscured as if the composer expected a double bass to have the carrying power of a cello — occasionally defeated the purpose of such a clearly thought-out plan, but a strong imaginative impression remained.

Powerful imagination too, in James Dillon's *Once upon a time,* a rebarbative attempt at exploring new kinds of musical continuity. Dillon is one of a small group of British composers following in the line of Ferneyhough and Finnissy, writing scores of hugely complex notation in which generalised effects are achieved through extreme demands on performer-virtuosity and many layers of instrumental sound. Dillon has also inherited from his mentors a less desirable penchant for writing high-flown, opaque programme notes; his text for *Once upon a time* referred to exploring musical time 'in terms of coincidence through the beautiful and exciting metaphysic of unity'. Yet he manages to use his ensemble of seven woodwind and brass, plus double bass to produce surprisingly crystalline textures: it's easy to imagine the kind of dense carpet of sound Finnissy, for instance, would find for those instruments. The jumps in perspective in Dillon's music (cinematic almost in their use of continuity) hold the attention; there is already a sense of sureness in the way he handles form and musical logic. *Once upon a time* was by a long way the most impressive offering in the concert; it deserves to make the transition from the sheltered environment of the SPNM to a wider contemporary showcase. Further SPNM concerts are planned for Smith Square on November 3, and the October Gallery on December 1 and 18.

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No 2637 **Set by E.O. Parrott**

Poems by Robert Lowell, Anne Sexton, Emily Dickinson or e.e. cummings on American presidential candidates.

Report **By Len the Unlucky**

Long-serving compers will recall the obloquy, not to say odium, heaped on the head of the late lamented Little Keith when he refused to print any pseudo-Emily Dickinson on the grounds that she was just *too* boring. Time has clearly not diminished your enthusiasm for la Dickinson. Either you all like her lots or you reckon (not altogether correctly) that she's a soft touch when it comes to imitation. e.e. cummings ran her a fairly close second in the popularity stakes and most of you shirked the more difficult Sexton and Lowell. Still, the standard of entries wasn't at all bad. Eight green ones for each of those printed.

Dickinson on Reagan
Last night — I watched the box — in hope
Three candidates to see —
Though only two of them appeared —
It seemed Eternity —

Hard is the choice for one who has —
Since voting days began —
As each Election Time came round —
Voted Republican —

For I must vote for one whose hair
Should be — not black — but grey —
An actor shooting from the hip —
So many people say —

And yet — when all is said and done —
A ham who dies his hair —
Is better than a dope — who thinks
That Russians yield to prayer. PETER PETERSON

Lowell on Jimmy Carter's Election Night 1980
When the North failed him —
New York gone and Pennsylvania —
And even when he heard the Old South
Newly seceding like leaves in Fall —
'Florida goes Republican',
'Reagan ahead in Tennessee' —
Even then, young hick
Licked by old ham,
He continued to smile
(That tight, toothy, intolerable rictus)
It was almost as if he had forgotten
How not to —
Perhaps it was that that worried folks,
For 1980 is no place for smiles:
Rather the joint
Where skunk hour has come to stay. TIM O'DOWDA

cummings on Anderson
as john is not why blandinbland
which white hair unbrown (under)stand:
wringing his inbetween out small
than every-which-whey played to all

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Tony Miles

Chess

No 203 **August problems**

The August problems were probably the most interesting set yet, with all five positions of considerable interest. Problems 192 and 195, as most entrants guessed, came from the same game and I will deal with them next.

Problem 191 (1RQ2nk1/5pp1/3q3p/3N3P/4P1K1/1p4P1/8/5r2) came from Miles-Schneider Philadelphia 80 and must rank as one of my most outrageous Houdini impersonations. Not long before the problem position I had been two pawns down for absolutely nothing (Black having a P on

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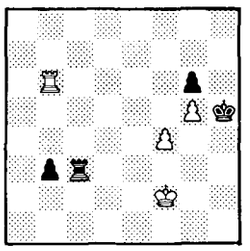
K5 with my KP being on KB2). However, my pin on the back rank had caused sufficient annoyance for him to run short of time and return one pawn by . . . P-K6 in an attempt to expose my king. This plan only succeeded in activating my knight which had been tied to KR3(!) and finally Black had just committed the exceedingly unfortunate blunder of . . . R(Q8)-KB8 to meet 1.RxP with . . . Q-K4. Sadly for him there now occurred 1.QxNch! QxQ; 2.N-K7ch, K-R2; 3.RxQ, P-N7; 4.N-N6!! whereupon the drawback of his rook's position became apparent and he resigned. The main point of the problem, though, which for reasons of space was edited from the published solution, is that Black has a better defence in 3 . . . R-K8! The refutation is elegant: 4 . . . K-B5! and now if . . . P-N7; 5.N-N6! again since . . . PxN; 6.PxP is mate, so 4 . . . P-N3ch (. . . R-B8ch; 5.K-K5 doesn't help — unless, as an afterthought, 5 . . . R-KR8 has any chances) and here either (a) 5.K-K5, P-N7; 6.RxPch, K-R1; 7.PxP, Rx-Pch (!) 8.K-B6! winning, or (b) 5.K-B6 (threatening 8.RxPch, NxPch and R-N7mate), R-B8ch; 6.K-K5, P-N7 (or . . . K-N2; 7.R-N8ch, K-R2; 8.PxPch and 9.R-N8); 7.PxPch, K-N2 (. . . PxP; 8.RxR); 8.R-N8mate!

Problem 193 (kbK5/8/7N/8/8/3p4/8/8) was a study with a hole or, to be more precise, a vast number of holes. The composer's intended solution was 1.N-N4, B-R2 (to guard KB7 and K6); 2.N-K5! P-Q7; 3.N-B4! P-Q8=Q or R; 4.N-N6ch! BxN stalemate. However, 3 . . . P-Q8=B produces an ending which, though it is considered drawn by theory, is not completely clear. This argument becomes totally irrelevant since Black has several clear wins instead of the obliging 1 . . . B-R2. For instance (a) 1.N-N4, B-R7; 2.N-K3, P-Q7; 3.K-Q7, K-N2; 4.K-K6, K-B3; 5.K-B5, B-N8 (!) 6.N-Q1, K-Q4; 7.K-B4, K-Q5; 8.K-B3, K-Q6; 9.N-N2ch, K-B7; 10.K-K2, B-R2; 11.N-Q1, B-Q5 zugswang. (b) 1.N-N4, P-Q7; 2.N-K3, B-B5; 3.N-Q1, K-R2; 4.K-Q7, K-N3; 5.K-K6, K-B4; 6.K-B5, B-R3; 7.K-K4, K-B5 and play will transpose to (a). There are several other sequences to the same end.

Problem 194 (7k/1p4p1/2p1P1n1/1p3p1B/8/P1Q3PP/1P5K/5q2) came from a blitz game of mine. White has dangerous play himself so clearly the only try for Black is 1 . . . Q-B7ch; 2.K-R1, P-B5! Now 3.BxN, PxP and 3.PxP, N-R5! clearly lose outright and 3.P-K7, NxP; 4.Q-KB3, PxP leaves Black with a fairly easy endgame win so 3.Q-B3 is forced. Then 3 . . . PxP; 4.QxQ, PxQ; 5.B-K2 (not 5.K-N2, N-B5ch x B-B3), K-N1! 6.B-B1, N-B5 with a winning ending. White can try 6.K-N2 but the K + P ending after 6 . . . N-B5ch; 7.KxP, NxB; 8.KxN, K-B1 although not trivial is lost. A sample line: 9.K-K3, K-K2; 10.K-Q4, KxP; 11.K-B5, K-Q2; 12.K-N6, K-B1; 13.P-KR4, P-N3; 14.K-B5 (if K-R7, K-B2 followed by . . . P-B4), K-B2; 15.K-Q4, K-Q3; 16.K-K4, K-K3; 17.K-B4, K-B3; 18.K-N4 (or K-K4, K-N2 — R3), K-N2; 19.K-N5, P-B4; 20.K-B4, K-R3; 21.K-N4, P-B5; 22.K-B4, K-R4; 23.K-N3, P-N4 etc.

Problem 203

Black to play. Can he win and how should the game go? Answers to me at the NEW STATESMAN postmarked no later than 5 November.

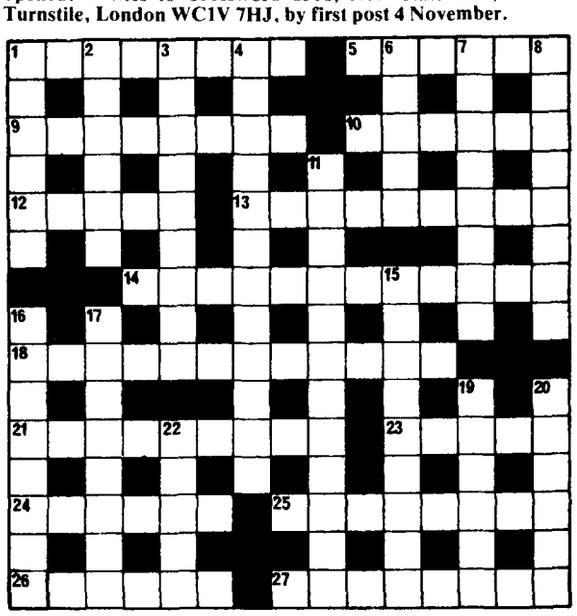


Solution to problem 201

(c) 1 . . . NxP seems best. If (a) . . . N(2)-N3; 2. NxN, B-B4; 3.NxN (or B-R3), QR-Q1; 4.B-R3! (b) . . . N(2)-B3; 2.K-B1, N-R4; 3.RxN, N-B5; 4.R-Q4, NxR; 5.RxB and the N is trapped. (d) . . . P-QN4; 2.RxN is useless. So 1 . . . NxP; 2.RxN(Q5). Now 2 . . . N-N5!? is tempting but after 3.N-B3! RxR; 4.NxR, R-K1; 5.B-N7ch! draws. However, 2 . . . N-B6ch; 3.K-B2, NxP leaves Black with a slightly better ending.

Weekend Crossword 1361

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1361, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 4 November.



ACROSS

1 Animal which makes insect run away (8)
5 Cold experienced when caught beside mountains (6)
9 Solid source of light for great house (8)
10 Woman who wants finish in a garment (6)
12 Lowest place back in Florida near the mountains (5)
13 Theme needed if I let Tom free (9)
14 Bows are nonsense (12)
18 Politicians who have magistrates among their supporters (12)
21 I am a being from Persian mythology and love America although it is domineering (9)
23 Begin changing for a party (5)
24 Go where there are bulls to get such injury (6)
25 Despicable behaviour lands a girl in trouble (8)
26 Bird not applicable in place of oracle (6)
27 Lily makes strange lads hope (8)

DOWN

1 Ancient city seen as containing the past (6)
2 Passionate speech puts one into business (6)
3 Blow miler suffers to leg (5,4)
4 Choose a play by Euripides without being brought on stage as something to eat (7,5)
6 A lot of women are embraced by the king (5)
7 Crazy cult as in crazy people (8)
8 In the far south this is a marine creature (8)
11 Adornment for those who beat up the team? (12)
15 Tree which has bitten her (9)
16 Reduced the publicity about a game (8)
17 'This royal throne of kings, this ------- isle' (*K Richard II*) (8)
19 To have a purpose which is in the main tendentious (6)
20 Animal art supporter in the West (6)
22 Treated like new car or old lag (5)

SETSQUARE

Solution to 1359

Prizewinners to No 1359

Jim Brown (Sandy)
P. Carmichael
(Southend-on-Sea)
Patrick O'Sullivan (London)

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APPOINTMENTS

EDITOR

(part time)

The Labour Party seeks an Editor for a new quarterly journal. The journal represents an important political initiative by the Labour Party and will present the Editor with a unique opportunity to foster new developments in socialist thought. It is intended to stimulate discussion on the nature of democratic socialism and to encourage understanding and awareness of political thought within the labour movement.

The Editor will have full responsibility for commissioning and editing contributions to a high standard and for co-ordinating production, working with an editorial advisory board appointed by the National Executive Committee. There will be no set hours.

The Editor is expected to work initially on planning the content and format of the journal for a small fee. Approval of these plans will lead to a contract to produce the first four issues at a fee of £1,000.

Further details and application forms are available from the Administrative and Personnel Officer, The Labour Party, 150 Walworth Road, London SE17 1JT. Completed forms should be returned not later than Monday 1 December.

CITY OF SHEFFIELD
PRINCIPAL OFFICER
(ECONOMIC AND EMPLOYMENT STRATEGY)
£9,000-£10,000

Sheffield City Council wishes to appoint a Principal Officer, for two years in the first instance but with the intention of renewal, to serve a new Economic and Employment Steering Group consisting of Councillors and Officers and co-opted members including representatives of industrial management and the Labour Movement in Sheffield and local educational and training bodies. The Steering Group will seek to create employment by identifying the needs of Sheffield's people and examining new ways in which they can be met by local skills and productive capacity including municipal enterprise, co-operatives and planning agreements.

The City Council is looking for applicants whose experience equips them for both research and development. The officer will ensure that the necessary background information is available to the Steering Group in which decisions can be made and will also co-ordinate the necessary steps by which employment initiatives and plans can be developed. No particular professional qualification is required; more important is vision, insight and commitment to the City Council's approach and policies.

Further details from

Corporate Management Unit, Town Hall, Sheffield S1 2HH. Tel. (0742) 734072.

Closing date 7 November.

WINCHESTER SCHOOL OF ART

Hampshire County Council

ARTS COUNCIL OF GREAT BRITAIN

FELLOWSHIP IN CREATIVE WRITING

Applications are invited from published writers for the above post to commence on 1 January 1981. The Fellowship will be for one year in the first instance.

The writer appointed will be expected to pursue his/her work, and acquaint visual arts students with the practice of writing at a professional level, introducing them, and a local public, to the best of contemporary literature.

Salary £6,500 per annum.

Further details and application forms are available from **The Registrar, The School of Art, Park Avenue, Winchester, Hampshire SO23 8DL.**

Closing date 7 November 1980.

City of Sheffield
PRINCIPAL OFFICER
(SOCIAL POLICY STRATEGY)
£9,000-£10,000

The City Council has decided to formulate an explicit Social Policy Strategy to guide the local authority's work in the general direction of positive discrimination and linking traditional departmental provision. The Strategy will provide the framework within which individual Council policies are prepared and will co-ordinate the direction of resources to meet political objectives. A Social Strategy Steering Group made up of Councillors, Officers and co-opted members from within and outside the City, will guide the direction of the work.

The Council is looking for a Principal Officer for two years in the first instance but with the possibility of renewal, to provide the continuing thrust and co-ordination for the detailed work. Councillors and Officers are strongly committed to the success of this new venture and it offers creative and exciting possibilities for the right person. He/she must have the intellectual ability for work at this level and the capacity to relate to Councillors with strong political views. No particular professional qualification is required but past experience of this type of work will carry weight.

Further details from

Corporate Management Unit, Town Hall, Sheffield S1 2HH. Tel. (0742) 734072

Closing date 7 November

THE LABOUR PARTY

require a

RESEARCH ASSISTANT

(Salary scale: £6,590-£8,035 p.a., dependent on appropriate experience in a similar capacity.)

Applicants should have an interest in, and an understanding of, issues of social policy. An Honours Degree, though not essential, would be an advantage. Duties will include the preparation of papers on a wide range of social policy matters, such as health, social security, poverty, the disabled and the personal social services. The successful candidate will also provide background information to all sections of the Party and help service the advisory committees of the National Executive Committee.

Applicants must be members of The Labour Party: and a background of activity in the Party in the wider Labour Movement would be of considerable advantage.

Application forms and conditions of employment can be obtained from **The Administrative and Personnel Officer, The Labour Party, 150 Walworth Road, London SE17 1JT. (Tel. 01-703 0833).**

Completed application forms should be returned by no later than Monday, 10 November 1980

SOCIAL POLICY AND THE COMMUNITY

If ever there was a time to participate it is now. But participating effectively in social and economic policy-making needs knowledge and understanding which is hard to come by if you are a member of a voluntary group. Liverpool CVS is looking for someone to help. It requires a good knowledge of local and central government, knowledge of and commitment to the work of voluntary organisations and research and communications skills. The person appointed will improve information, achieve studies on special issues and support people in taking initiatives, so developing their ability to participate in policy development. This post is funded for two years. Salary £5,800.

Job description and application form from

Robin Hughes, LCVS, 14 Castle Street, Liverpool L2 0NJ, 051-236 7728.

Please mark letter "Policy Development". Closing date 5 November.

LAW CENTRE WORKERS

REQUIRED

The **Hounslow Law Centre** will be opening shortly and requires workers with legal qualifications or other relevant experience or interest in one or more of the following fields: Housing, Employment, Immigration, Family Law, and Welfare Rights. We will need at least one worker who is fluent in the relevant Asian languages.

Full time, part time and job sharing opportunites are available. Application forms with further details are obtainable from **Hounslow Law Centre, c/o Feltham Community Centre, Hanworth Road, Feltham.** Telephone: 01-251 4618. Closing date 14 November, 1980.

NUPE

Divisional Education Officers

The National Union of Public Employees is appointing three Divisional Education Officers in its Northern Division (based at Newcastle), East Midlands Division (based at Nottingham) and Southern and Eastern Division (based at Orpington).

Full details and application forms (which must be returned by 17 November) may be obtained from

Bernard Dix, NUPE, Civic House, Aberdeen Terrace, London SE3 0QY

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Full job description, further details and application form from the National Secretary, 3 Endsleigh Street, London WCI. 01 387-1277.

Closing date: 17th November.

NUS National Union of Students

THE BANK OF ENGLAND STAFF ORGANISATION

Assistant General Secretary

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The successful applicant will be required to take up the post by January 1981.
Applications giving full details of age, qualifications and previous experience should be addressed to:

The President, Bank of England Staff Organisation, 49 Queen Victoria Street, London EC4N 4SA by 7 November 1980.

AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL UNIVERSITY

Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons for appointment to the following positions:

HUMANITIES RESEARCH CENTRE

VISITING FELLOWSHIPS

Applications are invited for Visiting Fellowships in the Humanities Research Centre for periods of between three and twelve months in 1982. Each year the Centre adopts a theme on which it will concentrate its activity for that year. The designated theme for 1982 is to be Insight & Interpretation. The centre hopes to organise conferences on literary theory; Samuel Beckett; hermeneutics; and the concept of culture. Applications from scholars working in any area of the humanities are welcomed, a proportion of Fellowships being reserved for those with special interests in the year's topics. Fellows are expected to work at the Centre; however, they are encouraged and assisted to make visits to other Australian universities. Grants normally cover Fellows' return travel costs and include a stipend.

CLOSING DATE: 15 DECEMBER 1980.

Prospective applicants should first obtain the further particulars from the **Association of Commonwealth Universities (Appts), 36 Gordon Square, London WC1H 0PF.**

OV SELECTIONS CATERS for the more mature person as well as graduates and 'A' level students with typing and office skills. Phone Mrs Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy), 92 Brompton Road (opp. Harrods), SW3 1EH. 01-589 0590.

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seeks Business/Production Manager, based in London, to start Dec./Jan. Varied work, 3-6 days per week (seasonal). Some experience publishing, printing essential. Flexible hours, holidays. Salary negotiable, £3-4,000 p.a. Further particulars

Susan Bullock, PO Box 69, Oxford

INDEPENDENT SOCIALIST and Feminist printing co-op needs IBM electronic composer operator. Phone Blackrose Press, 251 3043.

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CPAG, 1 Macklin St, London WC2. 01-242 3225

Theatres

ALDWYCH THEATRE, Royal Shakespeare Company. 836 6404. Recorded booking info 836 5332. S. cc 379 6233 (10-6, Sats 10-4). Group Sales Box Office 379 6061. All week (final 2 weeks) 'Juno and The Paycock' by Sean O'Casey. 'Excellent! Judi Dench and Norman Rodway give a fine lead to a marvellous cast' S. Times. RSC also at The Warehouse (836 6808) in 'Three Sisters' by Anton Chekhov (sold out) and premiere production 'No Limits to Love' by David Mercer. 'It strikes me as Mercer's best play in years' Times. RSC also at the Piccadilly Theatre in Willy Russell's hilarious 'Educating Rita'.

NATIONAL THEATRE. 928 2252. Olivier (open stage): 'The Romans in Britain' (Not suitable for children), 'Amadeus'. Lyttelton (proscenium stage): 'The Provoked Wife', 'The Browning Version'/'Harlequinade'. Cottesloe (small auditorium): 'The Crucible'. See daily press for dates & times or ring recorded information 928 2256.

OLD VIC. 928 7616. cc 261 1821. 'S'. Until 8 Nov. 7.30 p.m. Mats Wed. & Sat. 2 p.m. Leicester Haymarket Theatre Co. with Margaretta Scott, Polly Adam, Joyce Grant & Richard Easton in the original four act version of 'The Importance of Being Earnest'. Sun. 2 Nov. 7.30 p.m. 'Shall I Have Audience'.

THEATREGOERS — please note: cc — credit cards; S-Student standby.

Cinema

SCREEN ON THE HILL. 435 3366 (opp. Belsize Park Tube). Fassbinder's 'The Marriage of Maria Braun' (AA). 2.10, 4.30, 6.50, 9.10. Ring 435 9787.

Exhibition

TURNSTILE GALLERY (formerly Ganymed) at 11 Great Turnstile — an exhibition of recent paintings & drawings by Christopher Prewitt. Fri. 24 Oct.-Tues. 4 Nov. (not Sats or Suns) from 11 a.m. until 5 p.m.

Literary

CROSSWORD FANATICS: Join the Crossword Club for a real cruciverbal challenge. Details from Hilberry Farm, Awbridge, Romsey, Hants.

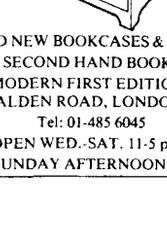
Publications

AFRICA & ASIA. Books bought & catalogues issued. A. C. Hall, 30 Staines Rd, Twickenham, Middx.

REVIEW COPIES and others in fine condition bought by Vermilion Books, 57 Red Lion Street, WC1. Tel. 01-242 5822.

THE RED FLAG: Illustrated Poster (24" × 18") of Socialism's Song (five versus). £1 from Glossoprint (NS), 62 Spire Hollin, Glossop, Derbyshire.

BOOKS AND BOOKCASES



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JOHN WILLIAMS
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MIKE ROSEN (Poet)
COMPERE
MELVYN BRAGG
COLLEGIATE THEATRE
15 Gordon St, WC1 (01-387 9629)
Tickets: £5, £4, £2.50 (50p reduction for students and claimants)

Meetings

EMPLOYMENT IN THE EIGHTIES

Audrey Wise: Hilary Wainwright: Mike Ward
Workshops, Film & Exhibitions
Counteract Theatre Group in
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All day 8 November, ULU, Malet St, London WC1.
Tickets £2.50 incl.
Socialist Environment and Resources Association
9 Poland St, London W1.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON
(Gower Street, WC1E 6BT)

PUBLIC LECTURES, AUTUMN TERM 1980

Thurs. 30 Oct. at 5.30, A Commemorative Lecture by Mr Negley Harte, 'One Hundred and Fifty Years of History Teaching at University College London'. Chemistry Auditorium, Christopher Ingold Laboratories, Gordon St, WC1.

Tues. 11 Nov. at 5.30, The William Townsend Lecture by Reg Butler, 'The Venus of Lestuge and Other Naked Ladies', Botany Theatre, Gower St, WC1.

Thurs. 4 Dec. at 5.30, The Neale Lecture in English History by Dr Christopher Hill, 'Parliament and People in Early 17th Century England'. Chemistry Auditorium.

Complete list of public lectures from

Publications Office,
University College London,
Gower St, WC1E 6BT
(Stamped envelope required)

THE SOCIAL VISION OF ALFRED ADLER

20th New Atlantis Foundation Lecture, by Dr Violet MacDermot.

Friday 31 October 1980, at 8 p.m.

Swedenborg Hall,
Barter Street, WC1

MOZAMBIQUE'S STRUGGLE AGAINST UNDERDEVELOPMENT.

Tony and Kate Gifford speak on their recent visit to Mozambque.

Wednesday 29 October, 8 p.m.

Africa Centre, 38 King Street, London WC2. Admission 50p.

Organised by Mozambique, Angola and Guine Information Centre (01-636 7108)

BRITAIN-CUBA Resource Centre Sat. 1 Nov. AGM Report from Jose Martin, International Brigade. 2-5 p.m. 22 Gordon St, London WC1 50p.

ICA EVENTS, The Mall, SW1. 29 Oct. 7.30 Six writers, Micheline Wandor, Sara Maitland, Michele Roberts, Ann Oosthuizen, Tina Reid and Steph Pixner present an evening of songs, poetry and prose. Tickets £1.00. 930 3647.

POLAND — Problems of Socialist Democracy Public Meeting. Speaker: Monty Johnstone. Thurs. 30 Oct. 8.30 p.m. Islington Central Library, 2 Fieldway Crescent, N5.

RAMAKRISHNA VEDANTA CENTRE: Sunday lectures on religion and philosophy. Enquiries 06285 26464.

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for pamphlets, book list, programme. Sun. 26 Oct. 8 p.m. Open Q'A Meeting. 'What Theosophy Explains'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON, Gower St, WC1E 6BT. Lunch-Hour Lectures, 1.20 to 2.30 Oct. 'Une Histoire d'Eau'. Film directed by Jean Luc Godard and Francois Truffaut. 'Anticipation, Ou l'Amour en l'An 2000'. Film directed by Jean-Luc Godard, (episode from 'Le Plus Vieux Métier du Monde').

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON. (Gower St, WC1E 6BT). The Shearman Memorial Lectures by Professor Amartya Sen, 'Liberty, Needs and Rights', 4, 5, 6 November at 5.30 in the Chemistry Auditorium, Christopher Ingold Laboratories, Gordon St, WC1. Admission Free. Without Ticket.

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THE LABOUR PARTY

Courses

NCVO AUTUMN SEMINARS

Have Voluntary Organisations Become the Lackeys of Government? (4 November)
Has Unionisation of Staff Responsible for Social Welfare Benefited Their Clients? (6 November)
Are Socialism and Voluntarism Compatible? (11 November)
What is The Future Role of the State in Providing Welfare Services? (13 November)

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Heather Gosden, National Council for Voluntary Organisations, 26 Bedford Square, London WC1B 3HU.

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